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THE

ἑκατομπαθια

OR

PASSIONATE CENTURIE

OF

LOVE

BY

THOMAS WATSON

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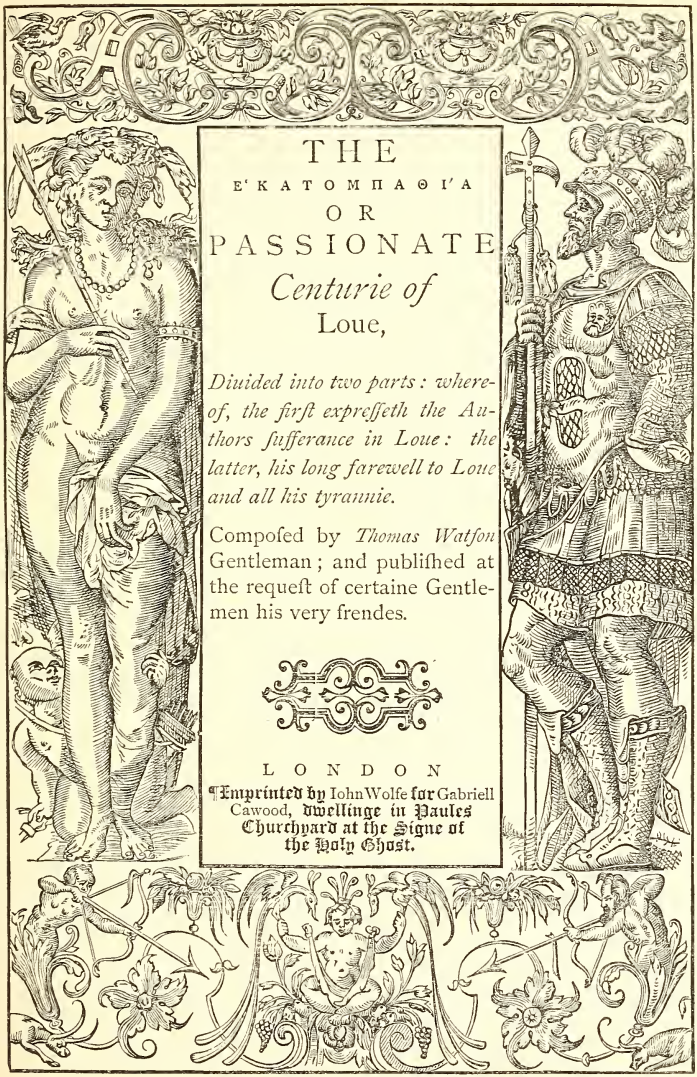


THE
ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ
OR
PASSIONATE
Centurie of
Loue,

Diuided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authors sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie.

Composed by *Thomas Watson* Gentleman; and published at the request of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes.

LONDON
¶Emprinted by Iohn Wolfe for Gabriell Cawood, dwellinge in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost.

To the Right Honorable my *very good Lord* Edward de Vere, *Earle* of Oxenford, Vicount Bulbecke, Lord *of Eſcales, and Badleſmere, and Lord High Chamberlaine of England, all happineſſe.*

ALexander *the Great, paſsing on a time by the workeſhop of* Apelles, *curiouslie ſurueyed ſome of his doinges: whoſe long ſtay in viewing them, brought all the people into ſo great a good liking of the painters workemanſhip, that immediatelie after, they bought vp all his picſtures, what price ſoeuer he ſet them at.*

*And the like good happe, (*Right Honorable,*) befel vnto mee latelie, concerning theſe my* Loue Paſsions, *which then chaunced to* Apelles, *for his Portraites. For ſince the world hath vnderſtood, (I know not how) that your Honor had willinglie voutchſafed the acceptance of this worke, and at conuenient leiſures fauourablie peruſed it, being as yet but in written hand, many haue oftentimes and earneſtly called vpon mee, to put it to the preſſe, that for their mony they might but ſee, what your Lordſhip with ſome liking had alreadie peruſed. And therewithall ſome of them ſaid (either to yeeld*

your Honour his due prayſe, for ſoundnes of iudgement; or to pleaſe me, of whome long ſince they had conceiued well) that Alexander *would like of no lines, but ſuch as were drawen by the cunning hand, and with the curious penſill of* Apelles. *VVhich I ſet not downe here to that end, that I would conferre my Poemes with* Apelles *Portraites, for worthineſſe; albeit I fitlie compare your Honors perſon with* Alexanders, *for excellencie. But how bold ſoeuer I haue bene, in turning out this my pettie poore flocke vpon the open Common of the wide world, where euerie man may behold their nakedneſſe, I humbly make requeſt, that if any ſtorme fall vnlooked for (by the fault of malicious high foreheads, or the poyſon of euill edged tongues) theſe my little ones maye ſhrowde themſelues vnder the broad leafed* Platane *of your Honours patronage. And thus at this preſent, I humbly take my leaue; but firſt wiſhing the continuall encreaſe of your Lordſhips honour, with abundance of true Friends, reconciliation of all Foes, and what good ſoeuer tendeth vnto perfect happines.*

Your Lordſhips humbly at commaund

Thomas VVatſon.

To the frendly Reader.

Ourteous Reader, if anie thing herein either pleaſe or profitte thee, afforde me thy good worde in recompence of my paines: if ought offend or hurt thee, I deſire that thou forget the one, and forgiue the other. This toye being liked, the next may prooue better; being diſcouraged, wil cut of the likeliehood of my trauaile to come. But by that meanes all will be well, and both parties pleaſed. For neither ſhall I repent my labour in the like, nor thou be anie more troubled with my faultes or follies.

Yet for this once I hope thou wilt in reſpect of my trauaile in penning theſe louepaſsions, or for pitie of my paines in ſuffering them (although but ſuppoſed) ſo ſuruey the faultes herein eſcaped, as eyther to winke at them, as ouerſightes of a blinde Louer; or to excuſe them, as idle toyes proceedinge from a youngling frenzie; or laſtlie, to defend them, by ſaying, it is nothing *Præter decorum* for a maiemed man to halt in his paſe, where his wound enforceth him, or for a Poete to falter in his Poëme, whē his matter requireth it. *Homer* in mētioning the ſwiftnes of the winde, maketh his verſe to runne in poſthaſte all vpon *Dactilus*: and *Virgill* in expreſsing the ſtriking downe of an oxe, letteth the end of his hexameter fall withall, *Procumbit humi bos.*

Therefore if I roughhewed my verſe, where my ſenſe was vnſetled, whether through the nature of the paſsion, which I felt, or by rule of art, which I had learned, it may ſeeme a happie fault; or if it were ſo framed by counſell, thou mayeſt thinke it well donne; if by chaunce, happelie.

Yet write I not this to excuſe my ſelfe of ſuch errours, as are eſcaped eyther by dotage, or ignorance: but thoſe I referre to thy gentle curtiſie and fauourable conſtruction, or lay manie of them vpon the Printers necke, whom I would blame by his owne preſſe, if he would ſuffer me.

As for any Ariſtarchus, Momus, or Zoilus, if they pinch me more then is reaſonable, thou courteous Reader, which arte of a better diſpoſition, ſhalt rebuke them in my behalfe; faying

ſaying to the firſt, that my birdes are al of mine own hatching, and that my onelie ouermuch haſt made *Sol* angrie in theire Birthday; to the ſecond, that although *Venus* be in my verſe, yet her ſlipper is left out; to the laſt and worſt, that I rather take vpon me to write better then *Chærilus*, then once ſuppoſe to imitate *Homer*.

I am ouer long, as well for the feare I had to be bitten by ſuch as are captious, as for the deſire I haue to pleaſe thee that art frendlie. But ſince I now wel remember me, that nothing is more eaſlie let flowne, nothing ſoner diſperſed, nothing later recalled backe againe, then the bitter blaſt of an euill ſpoaken man, and that he, whome it ſhall hurt, hath no recure but by patience; I will ſet it behinde my heele, as a hurt remedileſſe, or els, when it comes, ſalue it vp with patience.

In the meane ſpace (curteous Reader) I once againe craue thy fauourable iudgement: and ſo, for breuitie ſake, abruptlie make an end; committing the to God, and my worke to thy fauour.

Thine, as thou art his,
Thomas Watſon.

Iohn Lyly to the Authour his friend.

MY good friend, I haue read your new paſsions, and they haue renewed mine old pleaſures, the which brought to me no leſſe delight, thē they haue done to your ſelfe commendations. And certes had not one of mine eies about ſerious affaires beene watchfull, both by being too too buſie had beene wanton: ſuch is the nature of persuading pleaſure, that it melteth the marrowe before it ſcorch the ſkin, and burneth before it warmeth: Not vnlike vnto the oyle of Ieat, which rotteth the bone and neuer ranckleth the fleſh, or the Scarab flies, which enter into the roote and neuer touch the rinde.

And whereas you deſire to haue my opinion, you may imagine that my ſtomake is rather cloyed, then queſie, & therfore mine appetite of leſſe force thē mine affection, fearing rather a ſurfet of ſweetenes, then deſiring a ſatiſfying. The repeating of Loue, wrought in me a remembrance of liking, but ſerching the very vaines of my hearte, I could finde nothing but a broad ſcarre, where I left a deepe wounde: and looſe ſtringes, where I tyed hard knots: and a table of ſteele, where I framed a plot of wax.

Whereby I noted that young ſwannes are grey, & the olde white, yoūg trees tender, & the old tough, young mē amorous, & growing in yeeres, either wiſer or warier. The Corall in the water is a ſoft weede, on the land a hard ſtone: a ſworde frieth in the fire like a blacke ele, but layd in earth like white ſnowe: the heart in loue is altogether paſsionate, but free from deſire, altogether careleſse.

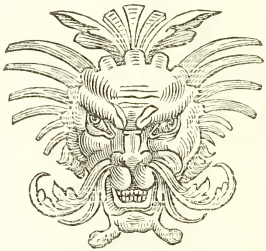
But it is not my intent to inueigh againſt loue, which womē account but a bare word, & that mē reuerence as the beſt God: onely this I would add without offence to Gentlewomen, that were not men more ſuperſticious in their praiſes, thē womē are

conſtant

conſtant in their paſsions: Loue woul deither ſhortly be worne out of vſe, or men out of loue, or women out of lightnes. I eā cōdemne none but by cōiecture, nor commend any but by lying, yet ſuſpicion is as free as thought, and as farre as I ſee as neceſſary, as credulitie.

Touching your Miſtres I muſt needes thinke well, ſeeing you haue written ſo well, but as falſe glaſſes ſhewe the faireſt faces, ſo fine gloſes amēd the baddeſt fancies. Apelles painted the Phenix by hearesay not by ſight, and Lyſippus engraued Vulcan with a ſtreight legge, whome nature framed with a poult foote, which proueth men to be of greater affection then iudgement. But in that ſo aptly you haue varied vppon women, I will not vary from you, for confeſſe I muſt, and if I ſhould not, yet mought I be compelled, that to Loue were the ſweeteſt thing in the earth: If women were the faithfulleſt, & that women would be more conſtant if men were more wiſe. And ſeeing you haue vſed mee ſo friendly, as to make me acquainted with your paſsions, I will ſhortly make you pryuie to mine, which I woulde be loth the printer ſhoulde ſee, for that my fancies being neuer ſo crooked he would put thē in ſtreight lines, vnfit for my humor, neceſſarie for his art, who ſetteth downe, blinde, in as many letters as ſeeing.

Farewell.



Authoris ad Libellum *ſuum Protrepticon.*

VAde, precor, timidus patrium mittende per orbē,
Nec nugas iacta parue libelle tuas.
Si quis Ariſtarchus mordaci læſerit ore,
Culparum cauſas ingenioſus habe.
Si rogat, vndè venis, dic tu de paupere Vena,
Non ambire tuas laurea ſerta comas.
Sique rogat, verbis quis adauxit metra ſolutis,
Ex amimo nomen dic cecidiſſe tibi.
Forſitan intrabis noſtræ ſacraria Diuæ,
Quam colit in medijs multa Diana roſis,
Quæ Cybele cæli noſtri; quæ gloria regni
Vnica; quæque ſui ſola Sybilla ſoli;
Quæ vatum lima eſt; quæ doctis doctior ipſa;
Iuno opibus, Pallas moribus, ore Venus;
Quæ ſuperat Reges, quantum querceta myricas;
Quam recinat Famæ buccina nulla ſatis,
Illa tuos ſancto ſi ſpectet lumine rithmos,
O quantum gemino Sole beatus eris?
Tu ſed ſtratus humi, ſupplex amplectere plantas,
Cuius erit vili pondere læſa manus.
Hic tamen, hic moneo, né ſperes tanta futura;
Attica non auris murmura vana probat.
Hic quoque ſeu ſubeas Sydnæi, ſiue Dyeri
Scrinia, quà Muſis area bina patet;

Dic te Xeniolum non diuitis esse clientis,
Confectum Dryadis arte, rudique manu;
Et tamen exhibitum Vero, qui magna meretur
Virtute et vera nobilitate sua.
Indè serenato vultu te mitis vterque
Perleget, et nævos condet vterque tuos.
Dum famulus Verum comitaris in aurea tecta,
Officij semper sit tibi cura tui.
Tùm fortasse pijs Nymphis dabit ille legendum,
Cùm de Cyprigeno verba iocosa ferent.
Si qua tui nimiùm Domini miseretur amantis,
Sic crepita folijs, vt gemuisse putet.
Tetrica si qua tamen blandos damnauerit ignes,
Dic tu, mentito me tepuisse foco;
Tumque refer talos, et fixum calce sigillum,
Quà Venerem temnis, filiolumque suum.
Taliter efficies, vt amet te candida turba,
Forsan & Autoris palma futura tui.
Viue libelle, precor, Domino fœlicior ipso,
Quem sine demerito sors inopina premit:
Denique, (si visum fuerit) dic montis in alto
Pierij vacuum tempora dura pati.

A Quatorzain, in the commendation of *Master* Thomas Watson, *and of his Mistres, for whom* he wrote this Booke of Passionat *Sonnetes.*

THe starr's, which did at Petrarch's byrthday raigne,
Were fixt againe at thy natiuity,
Destening thee the Thuscan's poesie,
Who skald the skies in lofty Quatorzain,
The Muses gaue to thee thy fatall vaine,
The very same, that Petrarch had, whereby
Madonna Laures fame is growne so hy,
And that whereby his glory he did gaine.
Thou hast a Laure, whom well thou dost commend,
And to her praise thy passion songs do tend;
Yee both such praise deserue, as naught can smother;
In byeke with Petrarch and his Laure in grace
Thou and thy Dame be equall, saue percase
Thou passe the one, and sheerrell's the other.

G. Bucke.

To the Authour.

THy booke beginning sweete and ending sowre,
Deere friend, bewrayes thy false successe in loue,
Where smiling first, thy Mistres falles to lowre,
When thou did'st hope her curtesie to proue;
And finding thy expected lucke to fayle,
Thou fallst from praise, and dost begin to rayle.
To vse great tearmes in praise of thy deuise,
I thinke were vaine: therefore I leaue them out;
Content thee, that the Censure of the wise
Hath put that needeles question out of doubt:
Yet howe I weigh the worke that thou hast wrought,
My iudgement I referre vnto thy thought.

T. Acheley.

An Ode, written to the Muſes Concerning this Authour.

YOu ſacred Nymphes, Apolloes ſiſters faire,
Daughters of Ioue, parentes of rare deuiſe,
Why take you no delight in change of ayre?
Is Helicon your onely paradiſe?
Hath Britan ſoyle no hill, no heath, no well,
No wood, no wit, wherein you liſt to dwell?
Ladies vouſtake with patience once to viewe
Our liuely ſpryngs, high hills, and pleaſaunte ſhades,
And as you like the ſeat and countries hewe,
Pitche downe your tentes, and vſe your ſporting trades:
Hard hap it is, if nothing here you finde
That you can deeme delightfull to your minde.
Loe Watſon preſt to enterteine your powre
In pleaſante ſpryngs of flowing wit, and ſkill:
If you eſteeme the pleaſures of his bower,
Let Britan beare your ſpryng, your groue and hill,
That it hence forth may of your fauour boaſt,
And him, whome firſt you heere vouſtaſe for hoaſt.

C. Downhalus.

Eiuſdem aliud de Authore.

GRæcia permultos peperit fœcunda poetas,
Quorum lapſa diu ſæcula, fama manet.
Auſonia Argolicæ tellus poſt æmula laudis
Tranſtulit in Latios doctum Helicona ſinus.
Acceptam Latium tenuit fouitque poeſin,
Inque dies Laurus auget, Apollo, tuas.
Galica Parnaſso cœpit diteſcere lingua,
Ronſardique operis Luxuriare nouis.
Sola quid interea nullum paris Anglia vatem?
Verſifices multi, nemo poëta tibi eſt.
Scilicet ingenium maius fuit hactenùs arte:
Forsan & hic merces deſit vtrique ſua.
Ingenio tandem præſtans Watſonus, & arte,
Pieridas docuit verba Britanna loqui.
Et faciles alijs aditus pateſecit ad artem,
Quam multi cupiunt fingere, nemo refert,
Iſte tuus labor eſt, lucrum eſt Watſone, tuorum;
Et tua, ne deſint præmia, Laurus erit.

IT's seldome seene that Merite hath his due,
Or els Dezerte to find his iust desire:
For nowe Reproofe with his detacting crewe
Treades vnderfoote that rightly should aspyre:
Wilde Industrie discourag'd hides his face,
And shuns the light, in feare to meete Disgrace.
Seld seene said I (yet alwaies seene with some)
That Merite gains good will, a golden hyre,
With whome Reproofe is cast aside for scumme;
„ That growes apace that vertue helps t'aspire;
And Industrie well chearish't to his face
In sunshine walkes, in spight of sowre Disgrace.
This fauour hath put life into the pen,
That heere presentes his first fruite in this kinde:
He hopes acceptance, friendly graunte it then;
Perchaunce some better worke doth stay behinde.
My censure is, which reading you shall see,
A Pythy, sweete, and cunning poesye.

M. Roydon.

To the Authour.

IF grauer headdes shall count it ouerlight,
To treate of Loue: say thou to them: A staine
Is incident vnto the finest dye.
And yet no staine at all it is for thee,
These layes of Loue, as myrth to melancholy,
To followe fast thy sad Antigone,
Which may beare out a broader worke then this,
Compyl'd with iudgement, order, and with arte.
And shrowde thee vnder shadowe of his winges,
Whose gentle heart, and head with learning fraight
Shall yeld thee gracious fauour and defence.

G. Peele.

A Quatorzain of the Au-

thour vnto this his booke

of Louepasi-

ons.

My little booke goe hye thee hence away,
Whose price (God know's) will counterbaile no parte
Of paines I tooke, to make thee what thou arte:
And yet I joy thy byrth. But hence I say,
Thy brothers are halke hurt by thy delaye;
For thou thy selfe arte like the deadly dart,
Which bred thy byrth from out my wounded hart.
But still obserue this rule where ere thou staye,
In all thou mak'st render thy fathers fame,
„ Bad is the Bird, that fileth his owne nest.
If thou be much mislik't, They are to blame,
Say thou, that deedes well donne to euill wrest:
Or els confesse, A Toye to be thy name;
„ This trifling world A Toye beseemeth best.

I.

The Author in this Paſsion taketh but occaſion to open his eſtate in loue; the miſerable accidentes whereof are ſufficiently deſcribed hereafter in the copious varietie of his deuiſes: & whereas in this Sonnet he ſeemeth one while to deſpaire, and yet by & by after to haue ſome hope of good ſucceſſe, the contrarietie ought not to offend, if the nature & true qualitie of a loue paſsion bee well conſidered. And where he mentioneth that once hee ſcorned loue, hee alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long ſince, *De Remedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that haue ſeene and peruſed it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which cauſeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the printe.

WEll fare the life ſometimes I ledde ere this,
When yet no downy heare yclad my face:
my heart deuoyde of cares did bath in bliſſe,
my thoughts were free in euery time & place:
But now (alas) all's fowle, which then was faire,
My wonted ioyes are turning to deſpaire.
Where then I liu'd without controule or checke,
An other now is miſtris of my minde,
Cupid hath clapt a yoake vpon my necke,
Under whose waighte I liue in ſeruile kinde:
I now cry creake, that ere I ſcorned loue,
Whose might is more then other Gods aboue.
I haue aſſaide by labour to eſchewe
What fancy buildes vpon a loue conceite,
But nearthelesse my thought reuiues anew,
Where in fond loue is wrapt, and workes deceite:
Some comfort yet I haue to liue her thrall,
In whome as yet I find no fault at all.

A

II.

In this paſsion the Author deſcribeth in how pitious a caſe the hart of a louer is, being (as he fayneth heere) ſeperated from his owne body, & remoued into a darkſome and ſolitarie wildernes of woes. The cōueyance of his inuention is plaine & pleaſant enough of it ſelfe, and therefore needeth the leſſe annotation before it.

My harte is ſett him downe twixt hope & feares
Upon the ſtonie banke of high deſire,
To view his own made flud of blubbering teares
Whose waues are bitter ſalt, and hote as fire:
There blowes no blaſt of wind but gholſly grones
Nor waues make other noyſe then pitious moanes
As like were ſpent he waiteth Charons boate,
And thinkes he dwells on ſide of Stigian lake:
But blacke deſpaire ſome times with open throate,
Or ſpightfull Jeloſie doth cauſe him quake,
With howlinge ſhrikes on him they call and crie
That he as yet ſhall nether liue nor die:
Thus voyde of helpe he ſittes in heauie caſe,
And wanteth voyce to make his iuſt complaint.
No flowr but Hiacynth in all the place,
No ſunne comes there, nor any heau'nly ſainte,
But onely thee, which in him ſelfe remaines,
And loyes her eaſe though he abound in paines.

III.

This pafsion is all framed in manner of a dialogue, wherein the Author talketh with his owne heart, beeing nowe through the commandement and force of loue feparated from his bodie miraculouflie, and againft nature, to follow his miftres, in hope, by long attendance vpon her, to purchafe in the end her loue and fauour, and by that meanes to make him felfe all one with her owne hearte.

SPeake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place?
Wt her, whofe birth the heauens themfelues haue bleft.
What doft thou there? Sometimes behold her face,
And lodge fometimes within her criftall breft:
She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?
Not nature now, but loue doth gouerne me.
With her wilt thou remaine, and let mee die?
If I returne, wee both fhall die for griefe:
If ftill thou ftaye, what good fhall growe thereby?
Ile moue her heart to purchafe thy reliefe:
What if her heart be hard, & ftop his eares?
Ile figh aloud, & make him foft with teares:
If that preuaile, wilte thou returne from thence?
Not I alone, her heart fhall come with mee:
Then will you both liue vnder my defence?
So long as life will let vs both agree:
Why then difpaire, goe packe thee hence away,
I liue in hope to haue a golden daie.

IIII.

The chiefe grounde and matter of this Sonnet ſtandeth vppon the rehearſall of ſuch thinges as by reporte of the Poets, are dedicated vnto *Venus*, whereof the Authour ſometime wrote theſe three Latine verſes.

Mons Erycinus, Acidalius fons, alba columba,
Heſperus, ora Pathos, Roſa, Myrtus, & inſula Cyprus,
Idaliumque nemus; Veneri hæc ſunt omnia ſacra.

And *Forcatulus* the French Poet wrote vppon the ſame particulars, but more at large, he beginneth thus,

Eſt arbor Veneri Myrtus gratiſsima, flores
Tam Roſa, quam volucres alba columba præit.
Igniferum cœli præ cunctis diligit aſtris
Heſperon, Idalium ſæpè adit vna nemus. &c.

SWeete Venus if as nowe thou ſtand my friende,
As once thou didſt vnto Kinge* Priams ſonne,
My ioyfull muſe ſhall neuer make an end
Of praiſing thee, and all that thou haſt done:
Nor this my penne ſhall euer ceaſe to write
Of ought, wherin ſweete Venus takes delite.
My temples hedged in with Myrtle bowes
Shall ſet aſide Apolloes Lawrell tree,
As did* Anchiſes ſonne, when both his browes
With Myrtle bee beſet, to honour thee:
Then will I ſay, the Roſe of flowres is beſt.
And aluer Dooues for birdes excell the reſt.
Ile praiſe no ſtarre but Heſperus alone,
Nor any hill but Erycinus mounte,
Nor any woodde but Idaly alone,
Nor any ſpring but Acidalian founte,
Nor any land but onely Cyprus ſhoare,
Nor Gods but Loue, & what would Venus more?

* Paris.

* Materna redimitus tempora Mirto. Virg.

V.

All this Paſsion (two verſes only excepted) is wholly tranſlated out of *Petrarch*, where he writeth,

S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'i ſento?
Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio che coſa, e quale?
Se buona, ond'è l'effetto aſpro e mortale?
Se ria, ond'è ſi dolce ogni tormento?

Part. prima Sonet. 103.

Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extreemelye, are liuely expreſſed by a Metaphore. And it may be noted, that the Author in his firſt halfe verſe of this tranſlation varieth from that ſenſe, which *Chawcer* vſeth in tranſlating the ſelfe ſame: which he doth vpon no other warrant then his owne ſimple priuate opinion, which yet he will not greatly ſtand vpon.

If't bee not loue I feele, what is it then?
If loue it bee, what kind a thing is loue?
If good, how chance he hurtes ſo many men?
If badd, how happ's that none his hurtes diſproue?
If willingly I burne, how chance I waile?
If gainſt my will, what ſorrow will auaile?
O liueſome death, O ſweete and pleaſant ill,
Againſt my minde how can thy might preuaile?
If I bend backe, and but refraine my will,
If I conſent, I doe not well to waile;
And touching him, whome will hath made a ſlaue,
The Prouerbe ſaith of olde, *Selfe doe, ſelfe haue.*
Thus beeing toſt with windes of ſundry ſorte
Through daung'rous Seas but in a ſlender Boat,
With errour ſtuft, and driu'n beſide the porte,
Where voide of wiſdomes fraight it lies afloate,
I waue in doubt what helpe I ſhall require,
In Sommer freeze, in winter burne like fire.

Adduntur Tuſcano hij duo verſus.

VI.

This paſsion is a tranſlation into latine of the ſelfe ſame ſonnet of *Petrarch* which you red laſtly alleaged, and commeth ſomwhat neerer vnto the Italian phraſe thē the Engliſh doth. The Author whē he tranſlated it, was not then minded euer to haue imboldned him ſelfe ſo farre, as to thruſt in foote amongſt our engliſh Poets. But beinge buſied in tranſlating *Petrarch* his ſonnets into latin new clothed this amōgſt many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And becauſe it befitteth this place, he is content you furuey it here as a probable ſigne of his dayly ſufferance in loue.

HOc ſi non ſit amor, quod perſentiſco, quid ergo eſt?
Si ſit amor, tum quid ſit amor qualiſque rogandum:
Si bonus eſt, vndè effectus producit acerbos?
Sin malus, vndè eius tormentum dulce putatur?
Sique volens vror, quæ tanti cauſa doloris?
Sin inuitus amo, quid me lamenta iuuabunt?
O lœthum viuax, ô delectabile damnum,
Quî ſic me ſuperes, tibi ſi concedere nolim?
Et me ſi patior vinci, cur lugeo victus?
Aduerſis rapior ventis, nulloque magiſtro,
Per maris effuſi fluctus, in puppe caduca,
Quæ vacua ingenio, tantoque errore grauata eſt,
Ipſus vt ignorem de me quid dicere poſſim:
Frigeo, dum media eſt æſtas; dum bruma, calcſco.

VII.

This paſsion of loue is liuely expreſſed by the Authour, in that he lauiſhlie praiſeth the perſon and beautifull ornamentes of his loue, one after an other as they lie in order. He partly imitateth here in *Aeneas Siluius*, who fetteth downe the like in deſcribing *Lucretia* the loue of *Euryalus;* & partly he followeth *Arioſto cant.* 7. where he deſcribeth *Alcina:* & partly borroweth from ſome others where they deſcribe the famous *Helen* of *Greece:* you may therefore, if you pleaſe aptlie call this ſonnet as a Scholler of good iudgement hath already Chriſtened it ἄινη παραστιτική.

HArke you that liſt to heare what ſainte I ſerue:
Her yellowe lockes exceede the beaten gouldе;
Her ſparkeling eies in heau'n a place deſerue;
Her forehead high and faire of comely mouldе;
Her woordes are muſicke all of ſiluer ſounde;
Her wit ſo ſharpe as like can ſcarſe be found:
Each eybrowe hanges like Iris in the ſkies;
" Her Eagles noſe is ſtraight of ſtately frame;
On either cheeke a Roſe and Lillie lies;
Her breath is ſweete perfume, or hollie flame:
Her lips more red then any Corall ſtone;
Her necke more white, then aged * Swans y^t mone;
Her breſt tranſparent is, like Chriſtall rocke;
Her fingers long, fit for Apolloes Lute;
Her ſlipper fitch as * Momus dare not mocke;
Her vertues all ſo great as make me mute:
What other partes the hath I neede not ſay,
Whoſe face alone is cauſe of my decaye.

" Naſus Aquilin^a ex Perſarū opinione maieſtatem perſonæ arguit.
* Quale ſuo recinit funere carmen Olor, Strozza. & vide Plin. de cantu Olorino lib. 10. nat. hiſt. cap. 23.
* Vide Chiliad. 1. cent. 5 adag. 74. vbi Eraſm. ex Philoſtrati ad vxorem epiſtola mutuatur.

Actæon for espying *Diana* as shee bathed her naked, was transformed into a Hart, and sone after torne in pieces by his owne houndes, as *Ouid* describeth at large *lib.* 3. *Metamorph.* And *Silius Italicus libr.* 12. *de bello Punico* glauncetb at it in this manner.

Fama est, cum laceris Actæon flebile membris
Supplicium lueret spectatæ in fonte Dianæ,
Attonitum nouitate mala fugisse parentem
Per freta Aristæum. &c.

The Author alluding in al this Passion vnto the fault of *Actæon*, and to the hurte, which hee sustained, setteth downe his owne amorous infelicitie; as *Ouid* did after his banishmente, when in an other sense hee applied this fiction vnto himselfe, being exiled (as it should seeme) for hauing at vnawares taken *Cæsar* in some great fault: for thus hee writeth.

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c.
Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam,
Præda fuit canibus nec minus ille suis.

ACtæon lost in middle of his sport
Both shape and life, for looking but a way,
Diana was afraid he would report
What secretes he had seene in passing by:
To tell but trueth, the selfe same hurt haue I
By viewing her, for whome I dayly die;
I leese my wonted shape, in that my minde
Doth suffer wracke vpon the stonie rocke
Of her disdaine, who contrary to kinde
Doth beare a brest more harde then any stocke;
And former forme of limmes is changed quite
By cares in loue, and want of due delight.
I leese my life in that each secret thought,
Which I conceiue through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me say, that life auaileth nought
Where seruice cannot haue a due reward:
I dare not name the Nimph that works my smart,
Though loue hath grau'n her name within my hart.

Clytia (as *Perottus* witnesseth) was a glorious Nimph, and thereof had her name: for κλέος in greeke signifieth glorie: and therfore she aspired to be the loue of *Sol* him selfe, who præferring *Leucothoe* before her, she was in short space ouergonne with such extreemitie of care, that by compassion of the Gods shee was transformed into a *Marigolde;* which is significantlie called *Heliotropium,* because euen nowe after change of forme shee still obserueth the rising and going downe of hir beloued the sunne, as *Ouid* mentioneth,

Illa suum, quamuis radice tenetur,
Vertitur ad Solem, mutataque seruat amorem. Metam. lib. 4.

And by this it maie easilie bee ghessed, whie in this passion the Authour compareth him selfe with the *Marigold,* and his loue vnto the *Sunne.*

The Marigold so likes the louely Sunne,
That when he settes the other hides her face,
And when he ginnes his morning course to runne,
She spreades abroad, & showes her greatest grace:
So shuts or sprouts my ioy, as doth this flow'r,
when my Sheefũne doth either laugh or lowr.
When shee departes my sight, I die for paine,
In closing vp my hearte with cloudie care;
And yet when once I viewe her face againe,
I streight reuiue, and ioye my wonted fare:
Therewith my heart ofte saies, when all is done,
That heau'n and earth haue not a brighter sunne.
A ielous thought yet puttes my minde in feare,
Least Ioue him selfe descending from his throne
Shoulde take by stealth and place her in his spheare,
Or in some higher globe to rule alone:
Which if he should, the heau'ns might boast their
But I (alas) might curse ye dismall day. (praye

The Authour hath made two or three other paſſions vpon this matter that is heere conteined, alluding to the loſſe of his ſight and life ſince the time he firſt beheald her face, whoſe loue hath thus bewitched him. But heere hee mentioneth, the blindneſſe of *Tyreſias* to proceed of an other cauſe, then he doth in thoſe his other Sonnettes. And heerein he leaneth not to the opinion of the greater ſorte of Poets, but vnto ſome fewe, after whom *Polytian* hath written alſo, as followeth;

Baculum dat deinde petentem
Tyreſiæ magni, qui quondam Pallada nudam
vidit, & hoc raptam penſauit munere lucem.
Suetus in offenſos baculo duce tendere greſſus
Nec deeſt ipſe ſibi, quin ſacro inſtincta furore
Ora mouet, tantique parat ſolatia damni.

* Quod naturale eſſe, ait Plinius lib. 11. natur. hiſt. c. 36.

Mine* eyes oye firſt, which laſt enioyed like,
Not hurt by bleared eies, but hurt with light
Of ſuch a blazing ſtarre as kindeleth ſtrife
Within my breſt as well by day as night:
And yet no poyſned Cockatrice lurk't there,
Her vertuous beames diſſuade ſuch fooliſh (feare.
Beſides, I liue as yet; though blinded nowe
Like him, that ſawe Mineruaes naked ſide,
And loſt his ſight (poore ſoule) not knowing howe;
Or like to him, whome euill chance beſide,
In ſtraying ſarre to light vpon that place,
Where midſt a fount he founde Dianaes grace.
But he alone, who Polyphemus hight,
Trewe patterne was of me and all my woe,
Of all the reſt that euer loſt their light:
For being blinde, yet loue poſſeſt him ſo,
That he each how'r on eu'ry dale and hill
Sung ſonges of loue to * Galatæa ſtill.

* Galatæa was a water Nymph and daughter to old Nereus.

XI.

In this ſonnet is couertly ſet forth, how pleaſaunt a paſſiō the Author one day enioyed, whē by chance he ouerharde his miſtris, whilſt ſhe was ſinginge priuately by her ſelfe: And ſone after into howe ſorrowfull a dumpe, or ſounden extaſie he fell, when vpon the firſt ſight of him ſhe abruptlie finiſhed her ſong and melodie.

O Goulden bird and Phenix of our age,
whoſe ſweete records and more then earthly voice
By wondrous force did then my grieſe allwage
When nothing els could make my heart reioyce,
Thy tunes (no doubt) had made a later end,
If thou hadſt knowen how much they ſtood my frend.
When ſilence drowned the latter warbling noate,
A ſowden greife eclypſt my former ioye,
My life it ſelfe in calling Carons boate
Did ſigh, and ſay, that pleaſure brought anoy;
And blam'd mine eare for liſtning to the ſound
Of ſuch a ſonge, as had increaſt my wound.
My heauie heart remembring what was paſt
Did ſorrowe more then any tounge can tell;
As did the damned ſoules that ſtoode agaſt,
when Orpheus with his wife return'd from hell:
Yet who would think, that Muſike which is ſwete,
In curing paines could cauſe delites to fleete?

XII.

The ſubiect of this paſſion is all one with that, which is next before it: but that the Authour ſomwhat more highly here extolleth his ladies excellencie, both for the ſingularitie of her voyce, & her wonderfull arte in vſe & moderation of the ſame. But moreouer, in this ſõnet, the Authour relateth how after the hearing of his miſtris ſing, his affection towardes her by that meanes was more vehemẽtly kindled, then it had bin at any time before.

I Merualle I, why poets heretofore
Ertold * Arions harp, or Mercuries,
Although the one did bringe a fiſh to ſhoare,
And th'other as a * ſigne adorn'd the ſkies.
Yf they with me had hard an Angells voice,
They would vnlay them ſelues, and praiſe my choiſe.
Not Philomela now deſerues the price,
Though ſweetely ſhe recount her cauſe of moane:
Nor Phæbus arte in muſicall deuiſe,
Although his lute and voyce accord in one;
Muſicke her ſelf, and all the *muſes* nine,
For ſkill or voyce their titles may reſigne.
O bitter ſweete, or hunny mixt with gall,
My hart is hurt with ouermuch delight,
Myne eares well pleaſ'd with rewnes, yet deft with all:
Through muſicks helpe loue hath increaſt his might;
I ſtoppe mine eares as wiſe Vliſſes bad,
But all to late, now loue hath made me mad.

* Sic methymnæo gauiſus Arione Delphin, Martial. lib. 8.
* Conſurgente freto cedit Lyra Cyllenæa Ruff. Feſt.

XIII.

The Authour deſcanteth on forwarde vpon the late effect, which the ſong of his Miſtres hath wrought in him, by augmenting the heate of his former loue. And in this paſſion after he hath ſet downe ſome miraculous good effectes of Muſicke, hee falleth into queſtion with him ſelfe, what ſhould be the cauſe, why the ſweete melodie of his Miſtres ſhoulde ſo much hurte him, contrarie to the kinde and nature of muſicall harmonie.

ESclepiad did cure with trumpets ſounde
Such men as firſt had loſt their hearing quite:
And many ſuch as in their drinke lay drowned
Damon reau'd with tunes of graue delight:
And Theophraſt when ought his minde oppreſt,
Vſ'd muſickes helpe to bring him ſelfe to reſt:
With ſounde of harpe Thales did make recure
Of ſuch as lay with peſtilence forlorne:
With Organ pipes Xenocrates made pure
Theire wits, whole mindes long Lunacy had worne:
Howe comes it then, that muſick in my minde
Enforceth cauſe of hurt againſt her kinde?
For ſince I heard a ſecret heau'nly ſong,
Loue hath ſo wrought by vertue of conceite,
That I ſhall pine vpon ſuppoſed wrong
Unleſſe thee yeelde, that did mee ſuch deceit:
O eares now deafe, O wits all drowned in cares,
O heart ſurpryſ'd with plagues at vnawares.

The Authour ſtill purſuing his inuention vpon the ſong of his Miſtres, in the laſt ſtaffe of this ſonnet he ſalleth into this fiction: that whileſt he greedelie laied open his eares to the hearing of his Ladies voice, as one more then halfe in a doubt, that *Apollo* him ſelfe had beene at hand, Loue eſpiyng a time of aduantage, tranſformed him ſelfe into the ſubſtance of aier, and ſo deceitfullie entered into him with his owne greàt goodwill and deſire, and nowe by mayne force ſtill holdeth his poſſeſſion.

SOme that report great Alexanders life,
They ſay, that harmonie ſo mou'd his mind,
That oft he roſe from meat to warlike ſtrife
At ſounde of Trumpe, or noyſe of battle kind,
And then, that muſickes force of ſofter vaine
Caul'd him returne from ſtrokes to meat againe.
And as for me, I thinke it nothing ſtrange,
That muſick hauing birth from heau'ns aboue,
By diuers tunes can make the minde to change:
For I my ſelfe in hearing my ſweete Loue,
By vertue of her long both taſted griefe,
And ſuch delight, as yeelded ſome reliefe.
When firſt I gan to giue attentiue eare,
Thinking Apolloes voice did haunte the place,
I little thought my Lady had beene there:
But whileſt mine eares lay open in this caſe,
Tranſform'd to ayre Loue entred with my will,
And nowe perforce doth keepe poſſeſſion ſtill.

X V.

Still hee followeth on with further deuiſe vppon the late Melodie of his Miſtres: & in this ſonnet doth namelie preferre her before *Muſicke* her ſelfe, and all the three *Graces;* affirming, if either he, or els *Apollo* bee ordeined a iudge to giue ſentence of their defertes on either ſide, that then his Ladie can not faile to beare both pricke and prize a-waie.

NOwe Muſicke hide thy face or bluſh for ſhame,
Since thou hast heard hir ſkill & warbling voice,
Who far beefore thy ſelfe deſerues thy name,
And for a Science ſhould bee had in choiſe:
Or if thou ſtill thy title wilt retaine,
Equall hir ſong with helpe of all thy traine.
But as I deeme, it better were to yeelde
Thy place to her, to whom the price belonges,
Then after ſtrife to leeſe both fame and field.
For though rude Satyres like of Marſias longes,
And Choridon eſteeme his oaten quill:
Compare them with hir voice, and both are ill.
Nay, which is more, bring forth the Graces three,
And each of them let ſing hir ſong apart,
And who doth beſt twill ſoone appeare by mee,
When ſhe ſhall make replie which rules my heart:
Or if you needes will make Apollo iudge,
So ſure I am to winne I neede not grudge.

XVI.

In this paſſion the Authour vpon the late ſweete ſong of his Miſtres, maketh her his birde; & therwithall partlie deſcribeth her worthines, & partlie his owne eſtate. The one parte he ſheweth, by the coulour of her feathers, by her ſtatelie minde, and by that ſouereintie which ſhe hath ouer him: the other, by deſcription of his delight in her companie, and her ſtrangenes, & drawing backe from a dewe acceptance of his ſeruice.

My gentle birde, which ſung ſo ſweete of late,
is not like thoſe, that flie about by kinde,
Her feathers are of golde, ſhee wantes a mate,
and knowing wel her worth, is proud of mind:
And wheras ſom do keepe their birds in cage,
My bird keepes mee, & rules me as his page.
She feedes mine eare with tunes of rare delight,
Mine eye with louing lookes, my heart with ioy,
Wherence I thinke my ſeruitude but light,
Although in deede I ſuffer great annoye:
And (ſure) it is but reaſon, I ſuppoſe,
He feele the pricke, that ſeekes to pluck the Roſe.
And who ſo mad, as woulde not with his will
Leeſe libertie and life to heare her ſing,
Whoſe voice exceels thoſe harmonies that fill
Eliſian fieldes, where growes eternall ſpring?
If mightie Ioue ſhould heare what I haue hard,
She (ſure) were his, and all my market marde.

XVII.

The Author not yet hauing forgotten the ſonge of his miſtres, maketh her in this paſſion a ſeconde *Phoenix*, though not of *Arabia*, and yet no leſſe acceptable to *Apollo*, then is that bird of *Arabia*. And the cheife cauſes why *Sol* ſhoulde fauour hir, he accounteth to be theſe two, hir excellent beawtie, and hir skill in muſike, of which two qualities *Sol* is well knowen to be an eſpeciall cheife patrone, and ſometimes the only author or giuer of the ſame.

YF Poets haue done well in times long paſt,
To gloſe on trifling toyes of little price:
Why ſhould not I preſume to faine as faſt,
Eſpying forth a ground of good deuiſe?
A Sacred Nimph is ground whereon ile write,
The fairest Nimph that euer yet ſaw light.
And ſince her ſong hath fild mine eares with ioye,
Hir vertues pleaſ'd my minde, hir face mine eye,
I dare affirme what ſome will thinke a toy,
The Phœnix is, though not of Arabie;
And yet the plumes about hir neck are bright,
And Sol him ſelfe in her hath chiefe delight.
You that will know why Sol afoordes her loue,
Seeke but the cawſe why Peakocks draw the place,
Where Iuno ſitts; why Venus likes the Doue;
Or why the Owle beſitts Mineruaes grace;
Then yf you grudge, that ſhe to Sol belonge,
Marke but hir face, and heare hir ſkill in ſonge.

Vide Plinium natur. hiſt. lib. 10 cap. 2.

XVIII.

This ſonnet is perfectly patheticall, and conſiſteth in two principall pointes: wherof the firſt cōteyneth an accuſatiō of Loue for his hurtfull effects & vſuall tyrannie; the ſecond part is a ſudden recantation or excuſe of the Authors euill words, by caſtinge the ſame vpon the necke of his beloued, as being the onely cauſe of his late frenzy and blaſpheamous rage ſo lauiſhly powred forth in fowle ſpeaches.

LOue is a ſowr delight; a ſugred greefe;
A liuinge death; an euerdying life;
A breathe of Reaſons lawe; a ſecret theefe;
A ſea of teares; an euerlaſting ſtrife;
A bayte for fooles; a ſcourge of noble witts;
A Deadly wound; a ſhotte which euer hitts.
Loue is a blinded God; an angry boye;
A Labyrinth of dowbts; an ydle luſt;
A ſlaue to Beawties will; a witles toy;
A rauening bird; a tyraunt moſt vniuſt;
A burning heate; A cold; a flattringe foe;
A priuate hell; a very world of woe.
Yet mighte Loue regard not what I ſaye,
Which lye in traunce bereft of all my witts,
But blame the light that leades me thus aſtraye,
And makes my tongue blaſpheme by frantike fitts.
Yet hurt her not, leſt I ſuſteyne the ſmart,
which am content to lodge her in my heart.

XIX.

The Author in this paſsion reproueth the vſuall deſcription of loue, which olde Poetes haue ſo long time embraced: and proueth by probabilities, that he neither is a childe (as they ſay) nor blinde, nor winged like a birde, nor armed archer like with bowe & arrowes, neither frantike, nor wiſe, nor yet vncloathed, nor (to conclude) anie God at all. And yet whē he hath ſaid al he can to this end, he cryeth out vpon the ſecret nature and qualitie of Loue, as being that, whereunto he can by no meanes attaine, although he haue ſpent a long & tedious courſe of time in his ſeruice.

IF Cupid were a childe, as Poets faine,
How comes it then that Mars doth feare his might?
If blind; how chance ſo many to theire paine,
Whom he hath hitte, can witneſſe of his ſight?
If he haue wings to flie where thinkes him beſt,
How happes he lurketh ſtill within my breſt?
If bowe and ſhafres ſhould be his chiefeſt tooles,
Why doth he ſet ſo many heartes on fire?
If he were madde, how could he further fooles
To whet theire wits, as place and time require?
If wiſe, how could ſo many leeze theire wittes,
Or doate through loue, and dye in frantike fittes?
If naked ſtill he wander too and froe,
How doth not Sunne or froſt offend his ſkinne?
If that a God he be, how falles it ſo,
That all wants end, which he doth once beginne?
O wondrous thing, that I, whom Loue hath ſpent,
Can ſcarcely knowe him ſelf, or his intent.

In this paſſion the Authour being ioyfull for a kiſſe, which he had receiued of his *Loue*, compareth the ſame vnto that kiſſe, which ſometime *Venus* beſtowed vpō *Aeſculapius*, for hauing taken a Bramble out of her foote, which pricked her through the hidden ſpitefull deceyte of *Diana*, by whom it was laied in her way, as *Strozza* writeth. And hee enlargeth his inuention vppon the french prouerbiall ſpeech, which importeth thus much in effect, that three things proceed from the mouth, which are to be had in high account, Breath, Speech, and Kisſing; the firſt argueth a mans life; the ſecond, his thought; the third and laſt, his loue.

IN time long paſt, when in Dianaes chaſe
A bramble buſh pricht Venus in the foote,
Olde Æſculapius healpt her heauie caſe
Before the hurt had taken any roote:
Wherehence although his beard were criſping hard
She yeelded him a kiſſe for his rewarde.
My lucke was like to his this other day,
When ſhe, whom I on earth do worſhip moſt,
In kiſsing me vouchſafed thus to ſay,
Take this for once, and make thereof no boſt:
*Forthwith my heart gaue ſigne of ioye by ſkippes,
As though our ſoules had ioynd by ioyning lippes.
And ſince that time I thought it not amiſſe
To iudge which were the beſt of all theſe three;
Her breath, her ſpeach, or that her daintie kiſſe,
And (ſure) of all the kiſſe beſt liked me:
For that was it, which did reuiue my hart
Oppreſt and almoſt deade with dayly ſmart.

* Siquidē opinati ſunt aliqui, in oſculo fieri animarum cōbinationē.

XXI.

In the first staffe of this passion the Authour imitateth *Petrarch, Sonetto* 211.

Chi vuol veder quantunque può Natura
El ciel tra noi, venga à mirar costei, &c.

And the very like sense hath *Seraphine* in one of his *Strambotti,* where he beginneth thus,

Chi vuol ueder gran cose altiere & nuouc,
Venga a mirar costei, laquale adoro:
Doue gratia dal ciel continuo pioue. &c.

Who list to vewe dame Natures cunning skil,
And see what heau'n hath added to the same,
Let him prepare with me to gaze his till
On her apase, whose gifts exceed ye trump of fame:
But let him come a pase before the flye
From hence, to fire her seate aboue the skye.
By Iunoes gift the beares a stately grace,
Pallas hath placed skill amidd'st her brest;
Venus her selfe doth dwell within her face;
Alas I fain to thinke of all the rest;
And shall I tell wherewith I most haue warres?
with those her eyes, which are two heau'nly starres.
Theire beames drawe forth by great attractiue power
By moistned hart, whose force is yet so small,
That shine they bright, or lift they but to lowre,
It scarcely dare behold such lights at all,
* But sobbes, and sighes, and faith I am vndonne;
No bird but Ioues can looke against the sunne.

* Vide Plin. nat. hist. lib. 10. cap. 3. et lib. 29 cap. 6. qui de hac re mutuatur ex Aristotelis historia. Porró vide Seraphinum sonet. 1. vbi de aquila suisque pullis per cõparationem legantissimé canit.

XXII.

The ſubſtance of this paſsion is taken out of *Seraphine* ſonetto 127. which beginneth thus.

Quando naſceſti amor? quando la terra
Se rinueſte di verde e bel colore;
Di che fuſti creato? d'vn ardore,
Che cio laſciuo in ſe rinchiude e ſerra &c.

But the Author hath in this tranſlation inuerted the order of ſome verſes of *Seraphine*, and added the two laſt of himſelſe to make the reſt to ſeeme the more patheticall.

When were thou borne ſweet Loue? who was thy ſire?
When Flora firſt adorn'd Dame Tellus lap,
Then ſpyung I forth from Wanton hote deſire:
Who was thy nurſe to feede thee firſt with pap?
Youth firſt with tender hand bound vp my heade,
Then ſaide, with Lookes alone I ſhould be fed;
What maides had ſhe attendant on her ſide,
To playe, to ſinge, to rocke thee faſt a ſleepe?
Vaine Niceneſſe, Beautie Faire, and Pompous Pride;
By ſtealth when further age on thee did creepe;
Where didſt thou make thy chiefe abiding place?
In Willing Hartes, which were of gentle race;
What iſ't wherewith thou wageſt warres with me?
Feare colde as Iſe, and Hope as hote as fire;
And can not age or death make end of thee?
No, no, my dying life ſtill makes retire;
Why then ſweete Loue take pittie on my paine,
Which often dye, and oft reuiue againe.

XXIII.

The Author in this paſsion wiſheth he were in like eſtate and condition with the *Looking Glaſſe* of his miſtres; by that meanes the oftner to be made happie with her fauourable and faire aſpect. And in the laſt ſtaffe he alludeth ſomewhat to the inuẽtion of *Seraphine*, where he vſeth theſe wordes, in writing vpon the *Glaſſe* of his beloued.

Che ho viſto ogni qual vetro render foco
Quando è dal Sol percoſſo in qualche parte,
E'l Sol che in gliocchi toi dando in quel loco
Douria per reflexion tutta infiammarte &c.

THou Glaſſe, wherein that Sunne delightes to ſee
Her own aſpect, whoſe beams haue diide my hart,
Would God I might poſſeſſe like ſtate with thee,
And ioy ſome eaſe to quaile my bitter ſmart:
Thou gazeſt on her face, and ſhe on thine;
I ſee not hers, nor ſhe will looke on mine.
Once hauing lookt her till, ſhe turnes thee froe,
And leaues thee, though amaz'd, yet wel content;
But careleſſe of my cares, will I or noe,
Still dwels within my breaſt with teares beſprent;
And yet my hart to her is ſuch a thrall,
That ſhe drin'n out, my life departs withall.
But thou deceitfull Glaſſe (I feare) with guyle
Haſt wrought my woes to ſhield thy ſelfe from ill,
Shot forth her beames which were in thee erewhile,
And burnt my tender breſt againſt my will:
For Chriſtall from it ſelfe reflectes the Sunne,
And fyres his coate, which knows not how tis done.

Seraphine in his *Strambotti* hath many prettie inuentions concerning the Lookingglaſſe of his Miſtres: wherhence many particulars of this paſſion are cunningly borrowed, part beeing out of one place, and part out of an other. And in the latter end is placed this fiction by the Authour, that *Cupid* ſhooting his arrowe from out the faire eies of his Miſtres, did ſo wounde him with loue and deſire, that nowe he is paſt all recure by any phiſicke, and therefore is faine to vſe the olde verſe.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.

THou glaſſe, wherein my Dame hath ſuch delight,
As when ſhe brames, then moſt on thee to gaze,
I maruel howe her beames that are ſo bright
Do neuer cauſe thy brittle ſides to craze:
Thou ſhould'ſt by reaſon mealt or eaſly breake
To feele ſuch force, thy ſubſtance being weake.
For when ſhe firſt with ſeeming ſtately grace
Bellowd on me a louing ſweete regard,
The beames, which then proceeded from her face
Were ſuch, as for the ſame I found no warde,
But needes perforce I muſt become content
To mealt in minde till all my wittes were ſpent.
And therewithall Cupido plaid his part,
He ſhotte a ſhaft thoughout her chriſtall eyes,
Wherewith he cleft in twaine my yeelding heart:
And this is cauſe my panting heart ſtill cries,
I breake, I mealt, helpe heau'ns in my behoue,
No herbe doth growe whoſe vertue cureth loue.

XXV.

It is to be conſidered in reading this Paſsion, howe in ſome anſweres, the accent or poynting of the wordes is altered, and therewithall howe the Authour walking in the woods, and bewayling his inward paſsion of *Loue,* is contraried by the replies of *Echo:* whoſe meaning yet is not ſo much to gainſay him, as to expreſſe her owne miſerable eſtate in daily cōſuming away for the loue of her beloued *Narciſſus;* whoſe vnkindnes *Ouid* deſcribeth at large, together with the extreme loue of *Echo.* Lib. 3. Metamorph.

Author. IN all this world I thinke none lou's but I.
Echo. None lou's but I. *Auth.* Thou foolish tattling ghest,
In this thou telst a lie. Echo. thou telst a lie.
Author. Why? Loue him selfe he lodgeth in my brest.
Echo. He lodgeth in my brest. *Auth.* I pine for griefe;
And yet I want reliefe. Echo. I want reliefe.
Author. No starre more faire then he whom I adore.
Echo. Then *he, whom I adore. *Auth.* Herehence I burne
Still more and more. Echo. I burne still more and more.
Author. Loue, let my heart returne. Echo. my heart, returne.
Auth. Is then the Saint, for whom thou makest mone,
And whom I loue, but one? Echo. I loue but one.
Author. O heau'ns, is there in loue no ende of ills?
Echo. In loue no ende of ills. *Auth.* Thou prattling voyce,
Dwelst thou in th'ayre, or but in hollow hills?
Echo. In hollow hills. *Auth.* Cease of to vaunt thy choyse.
Echo. Cease of to vaunt thy choyse. *Auth.* I would replie,
But here for loue I die. Echo. for loue I die.

* S. Liquescens immutat sensum.

D

XXVI.

Here the Author as a man ouertaken with ſome deepe melancholie, compareth him ſelfe vnto the *Nightingale*, and conferreth his vnhappie eſtate (for that by no meanes his *Miſtreſſe* will pitie him) with her nightly complaints: to whoſe harmonie all thoſe that giue attentiue eare, they conceiue more delight in the muſicall varietie of her noates, then they take iuſt compaſsion vpon her diſtreſſed heauines.

When Maye is in his prime, and youthfull ſpring
Doth cloath the tree with leaues, and ground with flowres,
And time of yere reuiueth eu'ry thing;
And louely Nature ſmiles, and nothing lowres:
Then Philomela moſt doth ſtraine her breſt
With night-complaints, and ſits in little reſt.
This Birds eſtate I may compare with mine,
To whom ſond loue doth worke ſuch wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart muſt needes repine,
And ſtorme with ſighes to eaſe me as I may;
Whilſt others are becalm'd, or lye them ſtill,
Or ſayle ſecure with tide and winde at will.
And as all thoſe, which heare this Bird complaine,
Conceiue in all her tunes a ſweete delight,
Without remorſe, or pitying her payne:
So ſhe, for whom I wayle both day and night,
Doth ſport her ſelfe in hearing my complaint;
A iuſt reward for ſeruing ſuch a Saint.

In the firſt ſixe verſes of this Paſsion, the Author hath imitated perfectly ſixe verſes in an *Ode* of *Ronſard*, which beginneth thus:

Celui qui n'ayme eſt malheureux,
Et malheureux eſt l'amoureux,
Mais la miſere, &c?

En ſon 2. liure du Bocage.

And in the laſt ſtaffe of this Paſsion alſo he commeth very neere to the ſenſe, which *Ronſard* vſeth in an other place, where he writeth to his *Miſtreſſe* in this maner:

En vens tu baiſer Pluton
La bas, apres che Caron
T'aura miſe en ſa naceſſe?

En ſes meſlanges.

V*Happy is the wight, thats voide of Loue,
And yet vnhappie he, whom Loue torments,
But greateſt griefe that man is forc'd to proue,
Whole haughtie Loue not for his loue relents,
But hoyſing vp her layle of prowd diſdaine,
For ſeruice done makes no returne of gaine.
By this all you, which knowe my tickle ſtate,
May giue deſerued blame to whom I ſerue,
And lay, that Loue hath miſerie to mate,
Since labour breedes but loſſe, and letts me ſterue:
For I am he which liues a lacking thrall
To her, whole heart affords no grace at all.
She hopes (perchance) to liue and flourith ſtill,
Or els, when Charons boate hath felt her peaze,
By louing lookes to conquer Plutoes will;
But all in vaine: t'is not Proſerpin's eaſe:
She neuer will permit, that any one
Shall ioy his Loue, but ſhe her ſelfe alone.

* *Hii tres verſus a Ronſardo deſcribuntur ex Anacreonte Græco.*

In this Paſsion the Authour doth very buſilie imitate & augment a certaine *Ode* of *Ronſard,* which hee writeth vnto his Miſtres; he beginneth, as followeth,

Au liure des ſes meſlanges.

Pluſieurs de leurs cors denués
Se ſont veuz en diuerſe terre
Miraculeuſement mués,
L'vn en Serpent, & l'autre en Pierre,
L'vn en Fleur, l'autre en Arbriſſeau,
L'vn en Loup &c?

MAny haue liu'd in countreys farre and ny,
Whoſe heartes by Loue once quite conſum'd away,
Strangely their ſhapes were changed by and by,
One to a Flow'r, an other to a Bay,
One to a Streame, whoſe courſe yet maketh mone,
One to a Doue, an other to a Stone.
But harke my Deere; if wiſhing could preuaile,
I would become a Chriſtall Mirrour I,
Wherein thou might'ſt behold what thing I aile:
Or els I would be chang'd into a Flie,
To taſt thy cuppe, and being dayly gheſt
At bord and bedde, to kille thee mid'ſt thy reſt;
Or I would be Perfume for thee to burne,
That with my ſolle I might but pleaſe thy ſmell;
Or be ſome ſacred Spring, to ſerue thy turne,
By bathing that, wherein my heart doth dwell;
But woe is me, my wiſhing is but vaine,
Since fate bidds Loue to work my endleſſe paine.

XXIX.

The Authour in this Sonnet in a large maner ſetteth forth the ſurpaſſinge worthines of his *Ladie*, reporting her beawtie and forme to be ſo ſinguler, that neither *Appelles* can perfectly drawe her portraicte; nor *Praxiteles* trewly frame her image and likenes in any kinde of mettall. And the like vnablenes he awardeth vnto *Virgill* and *Homer* the two *Paragons* of *Poetrye*, if they ſhould but once endeuour to praiſe her. And the like inſufficiencie he ſayeth would be found in *Tullie* him ſelfe, if he ſhould endeuour to commend her. And thē finally he excuſeth his owne bould hardines ſhewed in prayſing her, vpon the forcible extremitie, which he abideth in *Loue*, and the earneſt deſire, which he hath to pleaſe.

SUch is the Saint, whom I on earth adore,
As neuer age ſhall know when this is paſt,
Nor euer yet hath like byn ſeene before:
Apelles yt he liu'd would ſtand agaſt
*With coulours to ſet downe her comely face,
Who farre excells though Venus were in place.
Praxiteles might likewiſe ſtand in doute
In metall to expreſſe her forme arighte,
Whoſe praiſe for ſhape is blowne the world throughout:
Nor Virgill could ſo good a verſe indite
As onely would ſuffiſe to tell her name;
Nor Homer with his Muſe expreſſe her fame;
Tully, whoſe ſpeach was boulde in eu'ry cauſe,
Yt he were here to praiſe the Saint I ſerue,
The number of her giftes would make him pauſe,
And feare to ſpeake how well ſhe doth deſerue.
Why then am I thus bould that haue no ſkill?
Enforſt by Loue I ſhew my zealous will.

* Here he alludeth vnto the pourtraict of Venus which Apelles drew: as Ouid doth lib. 3. de art. aman. Si Venerem Coïs nunquā pinxiſſet Apelles.

XXX.

In the firſt part of this Paſsion the Author prooueth, that hee abideth more vnreſt and hurt for his beloued, then euer did *Læander* for his *Hero:* of which two paramours the mutuall feruency in Loue is moſt excellently ſet foorth by *Muſæus* the Greeke Poet. In the ſecond part he compareth himſelfe with *Pyramus*, and *Hæmon* king *Creons* Sonne of *Thebes*, which were both ſo true hearted louers, that through Loue they ſuffered vntimely death, as *Ouid metam. lib.* 4. writeth at large of the one, And the Greeke Tragedian *Sophocles in Antig.* of the other. In the laſt, in making compariſon of his paynes in Loue to the paines of *Orpheus* deſcendinge to hell for his *Eurydice*, he alludeth to thoſe two verſes in *Strozza*,

Tartara, Cymba, Charon, Pluto, rota, Cerberus, angues,
Cocytes, Phlegeton, Stix, lapis, vrna, ſitis.

What though Leander ſwamme in darkſome night,
Through troubled *Helespont* for Heroes ſake;
And loſt his life by loſſe of Seſtus light?
The like or more my ſelfe do vndertake,
When ev'ry howre along the lingring yeare,
My loye is drowndе, and hope blowne out with feare.
And what though Pyram ſpent his vitall breath
For Thisbes ſake? or Hæmon chooſe to die
To follow his Antigone by death?
In harder caſe and worſer plight am I,
Which loue as they, but liue in dying ſtill,
And faine would die, but can not haue my will.
We reade that Orpheus with his Harpe of golde,
For his Euridice went downe to hell:
The toyle is more, by that time all be tolde,
Which I endure for her, whoſe heart is fell;
The *Stigian* Curre, the Wheele, the Stone, the Fire,
And Furies all are plac't in my deſire.

There needeth no annotation at all before this Paſsion, it is of it ſelfe ſo plaine, and eaſilye conuayed. Yet the vnlearned may haue this helpe geuen them by the way to know what *Galaxia* is, or *Pactolus*, which perchaunce they haue not read off often in our vulgar Rimes. *Galaxia* (to omit both the *Etimologie* and what the Philoſophers doe write thereof) is a white way or milky Circle in the heauens, which *Ouid* mentioneth in this manner. Meta lib. 2.

Eſt via ſublimis cœlo manifeſta ſereno,
Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipſo.

And *Cicero* thus *in ſomnio Scipionis; Erat autem is ſplendidiſſimo candore inter flammas circulus elucens, quem vos (vt a Graijs accepiſtis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis.*

Pactolus is a riuer in *Lidia*, which hath golden ſandes vnder it, as *Tibullus* witneſſeth in this verſe,

Nec me regna iuuant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis. Tibul. lib. 3.

WHo can recount the vertues of my deare,
Or say how farre her fame hath taken flight,
That can not tell how many ſtarres appeare
In part of heau'n, which Galaxia hight,
Or number all the moates in Phebus rayes,
Or golden ſandes, whereon Pactolus playes?
And yet my hurts enforce me to confeſſe,
In cryſtall breaſt the ſhowdes a bloudy hart,
Which hart in time will make her merits leſſe,
Unleſſe betimes ſhe cure my deadly ſmart:
For nowe my life is double dying ſtill,
And ſhe defam'de by ſuffrance of ſuch ill;
And till the time ſhe helpes me as ſhe may,
Let no man vndertake to tell my toyle,
But onely ſuche, as can diſtinctly ſay,
What Monſters *Nilus* breedes, or *Affricke* ſoyle:
For if he doe, his labour is but loſt,
Whilſt I both frie and freeze twixt flame and froſt.

Here the Authour by fayning a troublefome dreame, expreſſeth a full Paſsion of *Loue*. And how foeuer ſome wil conſter of this kinde of inuention, it is euident, that the like hath bin vſuall amongſt thoſe that haue excelled in the ſweeteſt vaine of Poetrie. And (to let the reſt goe) it may pleaſe him that is curious to finde ſome preſident hereof, to viſite but the workes of *Hercules Strozza*, who in his *Somnium* hath writtē ſo exquiſitely, that the *Dreame* will quite his trauaile, that ſhall peruſe it with due attention.

Eroticon. lib. 2.

IN Thetis lappe, while Titan tooke his reſt,
I ſlumbring lay within my reſtleſſe bedde,
Till Morpheus vſ'd a falſed ſoary ieſt,
Preſenting her, by whom I ſtill am ledde:
For then I thought ſhe came to ende my wo,
But when I wakt (alas) t'was nothing ſo.
Embracing ayre in ſteed of my delight,
I blamed Loue as authour of the guile,
Who with a ſecond ſleepe clozd vp my light,
And ſaid (me thought) that I muſt bide a while
Ixions paines, whoſe armes did oft embrace
Falſe darkned clouds, in ſteed of Iunoes grace.
When I had laine and ſlumbred thus a while,
Rewing the doleſull doome that Loue aſſign'd,
A woman Saint, whith bare an Angels face,
Bad me awake and eaſe my troubled minde:
With that I wakt, forgetting what was paſt,
And ſawe t'was Hope, which helped thus at laſt.

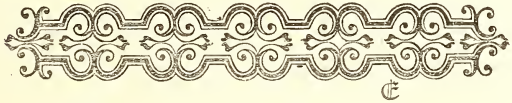
XXXIII.

In this Sonnet the Authour is of opinion, that his Miſtres (by the fatall appoyntement of deſtinie) was from the beginning referued to liue in theſe times, and to bee the onely gouerneſſe & ſubiect of his thoughtes: whereas: if either ſhe had bene borne, when *Paris* was to giue ſentence vpon *Ida* for beſtowing the Golden Apple; ſhe had (as he ſuppoſeth) bene preferred before *Iuno, Pallas* and *Venus*, & moreouer ſupplied that place in the loue of kinge *Priams* ſonne, whiche *Helen* of *Greece* obteined: or if ſhee had then liued when *Bacchus* tooke *Ariadne* to wife, ſhe had bene conuayed in her ſteede, vnto that place in heau'n, where nowe the Crowne of *Ariadne* called * *Corona Gnoſia* doth ſhine continuallie, beinge beautified with greate varietie of lightſome ſtarres.

* Cuius ortum & occasũ memorat Plinius nat. hiſt. lib. 18. c. 28. & c. 31.

When Priams ſonne in midſt of Ida plaine
Saue one the price, and other two the foile,
If the for whome I ſtill abide in paine
Had liued then within the Troyan ſoile,
No doubt but hers had bene the golden ball,
Helen had reaped rape, and Troy his fall.
Or if my Dame had then enioyed life
When Bacchus ſought for Ariadnaes loue,
No doubt but ſhe had onely bene his wife,
And flowne from hence to ſit with Gods aboue:
For ſhe exceedes his choiſe of Create ſo farre
As Phebus doth excell a twinckeling ſtarre.
But from the firſt all fates haue thus aſſign'd,
That ſhe ſhould liue in theſe our latter dayes,
I thinke to beare a ſway within my minde
And feede my thoughtes with frendly ſweete delayes;
If ſo it be, let me attend my chaunce,
And fortune pipe when I beginne to daunce.

Aſſai ben balla a chi Fortuna ſuona.



E

XXXIIII.

The Author in this Sonnet very highly commendeth the moſt rare excellencies of his miſtres, auouching her to haue no equall. And he imitateth the ſecond Sonnet, *Nelle rime di meſſer Agnolo Fiorenzuola* the Florentine, whoſe beginning is all one with that heere; and this it is:

Deh le mie belle donne et amoroſe,
Ditemi il ver per voſtra corteſia,
Non è chiara tra voi la donna mia,
Come è'l Sol chiar tra tutte l'altre coſe?

YE ſtately Dames, whoſe beauties farre excell,
Of courteſie conſelle at my requeſt,
Doth not my Loue amongſt you beare the bell,
As Phebus goulden rayes obſcures the reſt
Of Planet Starres, and dimmeth eu'ry light
That ſhines in heau'n or earth by day or night?
Take wiſly heed in bewing her ſweete face,
Where nature hath expreſt what ere ſhe could
Eather for bewties blaze or comely grace:
Since when to prize her worke ſhe brake the moulde,
So that who ſeekes to finde her Equall out,
Intends a thing will nere be brought about.
Therefore ſweete Ladies all vouchſafe with me
To folow her deſert, and my deſire,
By praying her vnto the ninth degree,
, , For honour by due right is vertues hire,
And Enuies mouth muſt faye when all is donne,
No Bird but one is facred to the ſunne.

XXXV.

In this Paſsion the Authour, as being blinded with Loue, firſt compareth himſelfe with *Tireſias* the old Soothſayer of *Thebes*, whome *Iuno* depriued of ſight; but *Ioue* rewarded him with the ſpirit of prophecy. Then he alludeth vnto *Actæon:* And laſtly he ſheweth why he is in worſe caſe, then thoſe, which by vewing *Meduſaes* heade were turned into ſtoanes, leeſing both life and light at once; and ſo concludeth, that olde accurſed *Oedipus* of all other beſt befitteth him for a companion.

When firſt mine eyes were blinded with Deſire,
They had newe ſeene a Second Sunne whoſe face
Though cleere as beaten ſnowe, yet kindled fire
Within my breſt, and moulte my heart apaſe:
Thus learned I by proofe, what others write,
That Sunne, and fire, and ſnowe offend the ſight.
O ten times happie blinded Theban wight,
Whoſe loſſe of ſight did make him halfe diuine,
Where I (alas) haue loſt both life and light,
Like him, whoſe hornes did plague his heedles eyen;
And yet was he in better caſe then I,
Which neither liue, nor can obtaine to dye.
All Perſeus foes that ſawe Meduſaes heade,
By leeſing ſhape and ſenſe were quitte from thrall;
But I feele paines, though blinde and double deade,
And was my ſelfe efficient cauſe of all:
Wherefore, of all that ere did ceaſe to ſee
*Old Oedipus were meeteſt mate for me.

* *Vide Sophocl. aut Senecam in tragedijs ſuis de Oedipi miſerijs.*

XXXVI.

Here the Author misliketh of his wearisome estate in loue, for that he neither obtaineth any fauour at the handes of his Mistres for his good thought or speach, nor by his louinge lookes, or presents, nor by his humilitie in writing, or long sufferance in seruitude. And herehence he blameth her ouerhardnes of heart, and the froward constellation of his owne natiuitie: and therewithall abandoning all further desire of life, hath in request vntimely death, as the only end of his infelicitie.

EAch thought I thinke is frend to her I Loue;
I still in speach vse course of gentle wordes;
My louing lookes are such as ought to moue;
My gittes as greate as mine estate affordes;
My letters tell in what a case I stand,
Though full of blots through fault of trembling hand;
I dewly daunce attendance as I may,
With hope to please, and feare to make offence;
All sou'raintie to her I graunt for aye;
And where the hurtes yet make I no defence;
Sobbes are the longe, wherein I take delight;
And shew'rs of teares do dayly dimme my sight.
And yet all this doth make but small auaile,
Her heart is hard, and neuer will relent,
No time, no place, no prayer can preuaile,
The heau'ns them selues diffauour mine intent:
Why should I then desire a longer life,
To weaue therein a webbe of endlesse strife?

XXXVII.

The Author in this paſsion doth by manner of ſecret compariſon preferre his beloued before all other women whatſoeuer: and perſuadeth vpon the examples of all ſortes of Goddes (whom loue hath ouertaken at one time or other) that the worthines of his Miſtres being well conſidered, his owne fondnes in loue muſt of force be in it ſelfe excuſable.

IF Ioue himſelfe be ſubiect vnto Loue
And range the woodes to finde a mortall praie:
If Neptune from the ſeas himſelfe remoue,
And ſeeke on landes with earthly wightes to plaie:
Then may I loue my peerelleſſe choiſe by right,
Who farre excels each other mortall wight.
If Pluto could by loue be drawne from hell,
To yeeld him ſelfe a filly Virgins thrall:
If Phebus could vouchſafe on earth to dwell,
To winne a ruſtike maide vnto his call:
Then, how much more ſhould I adore the ſight
Of her, in whom the heau'ns themſelues delight?
If cuntrie Pan might folowe Nymphe's in chaſe,
And yet through loue remaine deuoyd of blame:
If Satirs were excuſ'd for ſeeking grace
To ioy the fruites of any mortall Dame:
Then, why ſhould I once doubt to loue her ſtill,
On whom ne Goddes nor men can gaze theire fill?

In the firſte ſtaffe of this Paſsion the Authour expreſſeth howe fondly his friendes ouertrouble him, by queſtioninge with him touching his loue, or accidents thereof. In the two laſt verſes of the ſecond ſtaffe he imitateth thoſe verſes of *Sophocles:*

In Trachinijs.

ἔρωτι μὲν νῆν ὅστις ἀντανίσταται
πύκτης, ὅπως ἐς χεῖρας, οὐ καλῶς φρονεῖ.
οὗτος γὰρ ἄρχει καὶ θεῶν, ὅπως θέλει.

which may be thus Engliſhed,

That man, which champion like will ſtriue with Loue
And combate hand to hand, hath little witte:
For as he liſt he rules the Gods aboue.

And in the laſt, he ſetteth downe his mind fully bent to perſiſt conſtantly in the loue & ſeruice of his Ladie: like to that, which *Stephanus Forcatulus* (an excellent Ciuilian, and one of the beſt Poetes of Fraunce for theſe many yeares) wrote vnto his beloued *Clytia:*

Quin noctu pluuium citiùs mirabimur arcum,
Solque domo Heſperidum mane propinquus erit,
Quàm capiat lepidæ me fœda obliuio nymphæ, &c?

Some aſke me, when, and how my loue begunne;
Some, where it lies, and what effectes it hath;
Some, who ſhe is, by whome I am vndone;
Some, what I meane to treade ſo lewde a path;
I anſwere all alike, by anſw'ring nought,
But, ble'ſt is he, whome *Cupid* neuer caught:
And yet I coulde, if ſorrowe woulde permit,
Tell when and howe I fir't my fancie firſt,
And for whoſe ſake I loſt both will and wit,
And choſe the path, wherein I liue accurſt:
But ſuch like deedes would breed a double ſoare,
For loue gainſaide growes madder then before.
But note herewith, that ſo my thoughts are bound
To her, in whome my libertie lies thrall,
That if ſhe would vouchſafe to ſaue my wound,
Yet ſore of this my loue ſhould neuer fall,
Till Phœbus vſe to riſe from out the Weſt,
And towardes night ſeeke lodging in the Eaſt.

XXXIX.

The ſecond part of this Paſsion is borrowed from out the fifte Sonnet in *Petrarch part.* I. whoſe wordes are theſe,

Piu volte gia per dir le labbra aperſi :
Poi rimaſe la voce in mezz'l petto :
Ma qual ſuon poria mai ſalir tant' alto ?
Piu volte incominciai di ſcriuer verſi,
Ma la penna, e la mano, e lo'ntelletto
Rimaſer vinto nel primier aſſalto.

When firſt theſe eyes beheld with great delight
The Phœnix of this world, or ſecond Sunne,
Her beames or plumes bewitched all my ſight,
And loue encreaſt the hurte that was begunne:
Since when my grieſe is grow'ne ſo much the more,
Becauſe I finde no way to cure the ſoare.
I haue attempted oft to make complainte,
And with ſome dolefull wordes to tell my grieſe,
But through my fearefull heart my voyce doth fainte,
And makes me mute where I ſhoulde craue releiſe:
An other while I thinke to write my paine,
But ſtreight my hand faies downe the pen againe.
Sometimes my mind with heapes of doubtefull cares
Conioyn'd with fawning hoapes is ſore oppreſt,
And ſometime ſuddeine ioy at vnawares
Doth moue to much, and ſo doth hurte my breſt;
What man doth liue in more extreemes then theſe,
Where death doth ſeeme a life, and paines doe pleaſe?

X L.

The ſenſe contained in this Sonnet will ſeeme ſtraunge to ſuch as neuer haue acquainted themſelues with *Loue* and his Lawes, becauſe of the contrarieties mentioned therein. But to ſuch, as Loue at any time hath had vnder his banner, all and euery part of it will appeare to be a familier trueth. It is almoſt word for word taken out of *Petrarch,* (where hee beginneth,

Parte prima Sonet. 105.

Pace non truouo, e non ho da far guerra ;
E temo, e ſpero &c?)

All, except three verſes, which this Authour hath neceſſarily added, for perfecting the number, which hee hath determined to vſe in euery one of theſe his Paſsions.

I Joy not peace, where yet no warre is found;
I feare, and hope; I burne, yet freeze withall;
I mount to heau'n, yet lie but on the ground;
I compaſſe nought, and yet I compaſſe all;
I liue her bond, which neither is my foe,
Nor frend; nor holdes me faſt, nor lets me goe;
Loue will not that I liue, nor lets me die;
Nor lockes me faſt, nor ſuffers me to ſcape;
I want both eyes and tongue, yet ſee and cry;
I wiſh for death, yet after helpe I gape;
I hate my ſelfe, but loue an other wight;
And feede on greefe, in lieu of ſweete delight;
At ſelfe ſame time I both lament and joy;
I ſtill am pleaſd, and yet diſpleaſed ſtill;
Loue ſometimes ſeemes a God, ſometimes a Boy;
Sometimes I ſincke, ſometimes I ſwimme at will;
Twirt death and life, ſmall difference I make;
All this deere Dame befals me for thy ſake.

XLI.

This Passion is framed vpon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhethorique, whiche of the Grekes is called παλιλογία or ἀναδίπλωσις, of the Latines *Reduplicatio:* whereof *Suſenbrotus* (if I well remember me) alleadgeth this example out of *Virgill,*

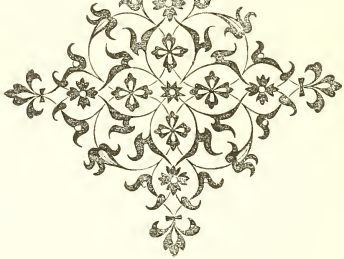
Sequitur pulcherrimus Auſtur, AEneid. 10.
Auſtur equo fidens.

O happy men that finde no lacke in Loue;
I Loue, and lacke what moſt I do deſire;
My deepe deſire no reaſon can remoue;
All reaſon ſhunnes my breſt, that's ſet one fire;
And ſo the fire mainetaines both force and flame,
That force auayleth not againſt the ſame;
One onely helpe, can ſlake this burning heate,
Which burning heate proceedeth from her face,
Whoſe face by lookes bewitched my conceite,
Through which conceite I liue in woefull caſe;
O woefull caſe, which hath no ende of woe,
Till woes haue ende by fauour of my foe;
And yet my foe mainetaineth ſuch a Warre,
As all her Warre is nothing els but Peace;
But ſuch a Peace, as breedeth ſecreat Iarre,
Which Iarre no witte, no force, no time can ceaſe;
Yet ceaſe deſpaire: for time by witte, or force,
May force my frendly foe to take remorſe.

XLII.

In this Paſsiō the Authour vnder colour of telling his dreame doth very cunningly and liuely praiſe his Miſtres, ſo farre forth, as not onely to prefer her before *Helen* of Greece for excellencie of beautie, but alſo before howe many foeuer are nowe liuing in this our age. The dreame of it ſelfe is ſo plainely & effectually ſet downe (albeit in fewe wordes) that it neede no further annotation to explaine it.

THis latter night amidſt my troubled reſt
A Diſmall Dreame my fearefull hart appald,
Whereof the ſomme was this: Loue made a Feaſt,
To which all Neighbour, Saintes and Gods were calde:
The cheere was more then mortall men can thinke,
And mirth grew on, by taking in their drinke.
Then Ioue amidſt his cuppes for ſeruice done
Gan thus to ſeſt with Ganymede his boy;
I faine would finde for thee my preaty Sonne
A fayrer Wife, then Paris brought to Troy:
Why, ſir, quoth he, if Phebus ſtand my frend,
Who know's the world, this geere will ſoone haue end.
Then Ioue replide that Phebus ſhould not chooſe
But do his beſt to finde the fayreſt face;
And ſhe once found ſhould neither will nor chooſe
But yeelde her ſelfe, and chaunge her dwelling place;
Alas, how much was then my hart affright,
Which bade me wake and watch my faire delight?



XLIII.

The ſenſe or matter of this Paſsion is taken out of *Seraphine* in his *Strambotti*, who writeth thus,

Se Salamandra in fiamma viue, e in fuoco,
Non me ſtupiſce quel che fà natura,
Ma coſtei che è di giaccio, & io di fuoco,
E in mezo del mio cuor viue ſicura;
Chi la defende in coſi ardente fuoco,
Che douendo ſguagliar diuenta dura?
Solo Amor di Natura aspro aduerſario,
Che à ſuo diſpetto vniſce ogni contrario.

THe Salamander liues in fire and flame,
And yet but wonder ſmall in Natures worke:
By ſtraunger force loue winnes away her fame,
As cauſing colde in midſt of heat to lurke.
Who liſt of theſe my paines to take the view,
Will foone confeſſe that what I ſay, is true.
For one as colde as hardeſt frozen yſe,
Is fired faſt, and lodgeth in my breſt;
Whome reaſon can remoue by no deuiſe,
Nor any force can cauſe to let me reſt:
And yet I ſtill ſo ſwimme in hoate deſire,
That more I burne then either flame or fire.
How ſtraunge is this? can contraries ſo gree,
That Iſe in flame will neither waſte nor melt,
But ſtill encreaſe, and harder growe to bee,
Then erſt before? all this my ſelfe haue felt.
For Loue Dame Natures foe, without remorſe,
Thus coopleth contraries in me by force.

XLIIII.

In this Paſsion the Authour miſliketh one while his eſtate, & by and by after liketh of the ſame againe, vppon hoape and likelyhoode of amendment, & throughout the whole Sonnet hee ſayneth his Miſtres to bee a *Second Sunne*: and by expreſſinge his priuate infelicitie, in either alwayes meltinge away with *Loue*, or growinge ſtiffe throughe Death approachinge neere him by reaſon of dayly cares, hee maketh alluſion vnto the diuerſe effectes of the Sunne, whiche maketh the clay much harder, and the wax ſofter, then it was before.

THat Second Sunne, whoſe beames haue dimd my ſight,
So ſcorched hath my hart and ſenſes all,
That clogged with cares, and voide of all delight,
I onely leeke, and ſue to be her thrall;
Yet ſoe this heate increaſeth day by day,
That more and more it haſt'neth my decay.
Sometimes I melt, as if my limmes were wer,
Sometimes grow ſtiffe, as if they were of clay;
Thriſe happy he whome Loue doth neuer vere,
Nor any Second Sunne doth mealt away:
Nay curſed I blaſpheme the fayreſt Light
That euer yet was ſeene by day or night.
Perchaunce her parthing heates will once repaire
My hart againe, and make me all anew:
The Phenix ſo reuiues amids the ayre
By vertue of that Sunne which all men view:
The vertue of my Sunne exceedes the ſkye,
By her I ſhall reviue, though firſt I die.

XLV.

The Authour vſeth in this Paſsion the like ſenſe to that which he had in the laſt before it, calling his Miſtres a *Second Sunne* vpon earth, wherewith Heauen it ſelfe is become in *Loue:* But when he compiled this Sonnet, he thought not to haue placed it amongſt theſe his Engliſh toyes.

FOclices alij iuuenes, quos blandula Cypris
Aptos fecit amoribus,
Exoptare ſolent tenebroſa crepuſcula noctis,
Auroræ maledicere:
At multo eſt mihi chara magis pulcherrima coniux
Tythoni gelidi ſenis,
Dum venit in prima ſurgentis parte dici,
Et Soles geminos mihi
Apperit, & mœſto fœlices reddit ocellos,
Quòd Soles videam duos,
Qui ſimili forma, ſimili ſic luce coruſcant,
Et mittunt radios pares,
Vt Polus ipſe nouo Terræ laqueatus amore
Flammis inuideat meis,
Solis & ignoto ſe torreat igne ſecundi,
Oblitus decoris ſui,
Haud ſecus atque olim, Cum veris prima venuſtas
Multo flore ſuperbijt,
Et nitidos primùm ſtrophijs ornâre capillos
Pulchri Naïadum chori.

XLVI.

Here the Author bewaileth the extremitie of his eſtate growinge dayly to be more troubleſome then before, and all through the hard hart of his beloued: whome he therefore aptly compareth vnto a ſtony rocke, which nothinge can moue or waſte awaye but longe continuance of time. And hereuppon, after hauing longe ſtriued with himſelfe and his paſsions, hee is quyetly reſolued to haue patience, & ſo long to perſeuer in the ſtill hoping minde of a trewe louer, till by long continuance of time *Loue* be induced to ſtande his friend.

All yee that loue compare your paines with mine,
Which voyde of hoape continue ſtill her thrall,
Whoſe hart is hard, and neuer will aſſigne
A raunſome day, nor once will bow at all,
Much like the ſtony rocke, whoſe hardened ſide
Will ſcarſely weare with courſe of time or tide.
And yet, ſince time can weare each thinge away,
I will enforce my ſelfe to liue content,
Till ſo my thoughtes haue led vpon delay,
That Reaſon rule the roaſt and loue relent;
O vaine attempt in ſtriuing with Diſpaire,
I build nought els but caſtles in the ayre.
For why: the Sunne may ſooner ſhine by night,
And twinckling ſtarres giue glimſinge ſparkes by day:
Then I can ceaſe to ſerue my Sweete delight,
Whome neither force nor time can driue away:
Therefore in hoape that loue will ſtand my frend
I thus conclude, Each thing but loue hath end.

XLVII.

This Paſsion conteineth a relation through out from line to line; as, from euery line of the firſt ſtaffe as it ſtandeth in order, vnto euery line of the ſecond ſtaffe: and from the ſecond ſtaffe vnto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clarke, the more pleaſure he ſhall haue in it. And this poſie a ſcholler ſet down ouer this Sonnet, when he had well conſidered of it: *Tam caſu, quàm arte & induſtria.* The two firſt lines are an imitation of *Seraphine, Sonnetto* 103.

Col tempo el Villanello al giogo mena
El Tor ſi fiero, e ſi crudo animale,
Col tempo el Falcon s'vſa à menar l'ale
E ritornare à te chiamando à pena.

IN time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake;
In time all haggred Haukes will ſtoope the Lures;
In time ſmall wedge will cleaue the ſturdieſt Oake;
In time the Marble weares with weakeſt ſhewes:
More fierce is my ſweete loue, more hard withall,
Then Beaſt, or Birde, then Tree, or Stony wal.
No yoake preuailes, ſhee will not yeeld to might;
No Lure will cauſe her ſtoope, ſhe heares full gorge;
No wedge of woes make pynte, ſhe reakes no right;
No ſhewe of teares can moue, ſhe thinkes I forge:
Helpe therefore *Heau'nly Boy*, come perce her breſt
With that ſame ſhaft, which robbes me of my reſt.
So let her feele thy force, that ſhe relent;
So keepe her lowe, that ſhe vouchſafe a pray;
So frame her will to right, that pride be ſpent;
So forge, that I may ſpeeue without delay;
Which if thou do, I'le ſweare, and ſinge with ioy,
That Loue no longer is a blinded Boy.

This Pafsion conteineth two principal pointes. In the firſt are placed two ſimilitudes; in both which the Authour expreſſeth his own wilfulnes in loue. In the ſecond, he compareth the beautifull eyes of his *Miſtreſſe* vnto the eyes of the *Baſilique*, which killeth a man with his onely ſight being a farre of: whereof *Lucan lib.* 9. faith thus,

Sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia peſtes,
Ante venena nocens, latè ſibi ſubmouet omne
Vulgus, & in vacua regnat Baſiliſcus arena.

And *Mantuan* in like manner,

Natus in ardenti Libyæ Baſiliſcus arena,
Vulnerat aſpectu, luminibuſque necat.

LIke as the ſillie Bird amids the night,
When Birders beate the buſh, and ſhake his neck,
He ſlutteringe forth ſtreight flies vnto the light,
As if it were the day newe ſpyong from Eaſt,
Where ſo his wilfull wings conſume away,
That needes he muſt become the Birders pray:
Or, as the Flye, when candles are alight,
Still playes about the flame vntill he burne:
Euen ſo my heart hath ſeene a heau'nly ſight,
Wherehence againe it hardly can returne:
The beames thereof conteine ſuch wondrous flame,
That Ioue him ſelfe would burne to ſee the ſame.
I meane a Virgins face, whoſe beautie rare,
Much like the Baſilique in *Lybia* ſoyle,
With onely ſight is cauſe of all my care,
And loads my yeelding heart with endleſſe toyle;
Yet needes I muſt confeſſe the hath more grace,
Then all the Nimphes that haunt Dianaes chaſe.

XLIX.

The Author in this Song bewrayeth his dayly Passions in loue to be so troublesome, that to auoide the flames thereof, hee gladly & faine would yeelde himselfe to die, were it not that he feareth a further inconuenience would then arise. For he doubteth least those flames, wherein his soule continuallye burneth, shall make *Charon* afraide to graunt him passage ouer the Lake of *Stix*, by reason, his old withered boat is apt to take fire.

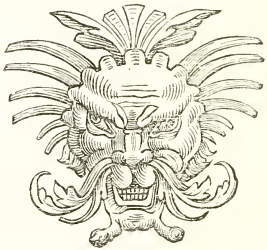
SO great a Light hath set my mind on fire,
That flesh and boane consume with secreat flame,
Each vaine dries vp, wit yeeldes to deepe desire:
I scarce (alas) dare say, for very shame,
How faine my soule an interchaunge would make
Twixt this her present State and Limbo lake;
And yet she dread's, least when she partes from hence,
Her Heates be such, that Charon will retire,
And let her passe for prayer, nor for * pence,
For feare his with'red boat be set on fire;
So daung'rous are the flames of Mighty Loue
In Stix it selfe, in earth, or heau'n aboue.
Wherefore deere Dame vouchsafe to rew my case,
And saue the soare which thou thy selfe hast made:
My Heates first grew by gazing on thy face,
Whose lights were such, that I could find no shade:
And thou my weary Soule bend all thy force,
By Plaintes and Teares to moue her to remorse.

*Naulum intelligit, de quo Iuuenal: *Miserum est post omnia perdere naulum.*

G

In this Paſsion is effectually ſet downe, in how ſtraunge a caſe he liueth that is in loue, and in how contrary an eſtate to all other men, which are at defiaunce with the like follye. And this the Authour expreſſeth here in his owne perſon: therewithall calling vpon *Loue*, to ſtand his frend; or, if he faile, vpon death, to cut of his wearyſome life.

While others feede, my fancy makes me faſt;
While others liue ſecure, I feare miſchaunce;
I dread no force, where other ſtand agaſt;
I follow ſute where Fortune leades the Daunce,
Who like a mumming mate ſo throwes the Dice,
That Reaſon leeſing all, Loue winnes the price;
Which Loue by force ſo worketh in my breſt,
That needes perforce I muſt encline my will
To die in dreames, whiles others liue in reſt,
And liue in woes while others feele none ill.
O gentle Death let heere my dayes haue ende,
Or mightie Loue, ſo vſe me as thy frend.
Mine eyes are worne with teares, my wittes with woe,
My coulour dride with cares, my hart with paines,
My will bewitcht, my limmes conſumed ſoe,
That ſcarſely bloud, or vitall breath remaynes:
While others ioy, or ſleepe, I wayle and wake:
All this (*Deere Dame,*) I ſuffer for thy ſake.



Tityus was the ſonne of *Iupiter*, and for attempting to diſhoneſt *Latona*, was ſlaine by *Apollo*. Since which time the Poetes faine that for puniſhment he lieth in hell, miſerably tormented with a rauening *Vulture*, which feedeth vpon his bowels continuallie: and they as they are conſumed, ſtill miraculouſly growe vp againe, to breede his endleſſe miſerie, as the Poet witneſſeth,

Quid dicam Tityum, cuius ſub vulnere fœuo
Viſcera naſcuntur grauibus certantia pœnis?

Claud. in Gigantomachia.

The Authour compareth his paſsions with the paines of this *Tityus*, and imitateth *Seneca* writing to the like effect,

Vultur relicto tranſuolet Tityo ferus,
Meumque pœnæ ſemper accreſcat iecur.

If Tityus wretched wight beheld my paines,
He would confeſſe his woundes to be but ſmall,
A Vultur worſe then his teares all my vaines,
Yet neuer lets me die, nor liue at all:
Would Gods a while I might poſſeſſe his place,
To iudge of both, which were in better caſe.
The Hell is darke, wherein he ſuffreth ſmarte,
And wants not ſome Compartners of his greeſe:
I liue in Light, and ſee what hurtes my hart,
But want ſome mourning mates for my releeſe;
His Paine is iuſt rewarde, his crimes were ſuch:
My greateſt fault is this, I loue too much.
Why then, ſince too much loue can breede offence,
Thou daung'rous Bird, the roote of my deare,
Goe pearch elſwhere, remoue thy ſelfe from hence;
I freeze like Iſe, and burne like flaming fire;
Yet ſtay good Bird: for if thou ſoare away,
Twixt Froſt and Flame my dayes will ſoone decay.

LII.

Here the Authour after ſome dolorous diſcourſe of his vnhappines, and rehearſall of ſome particular hurtes which he ſuſteineth in the purſute of his loue: firſt queſtioneth with his *Lady* of his deſerte; and then, as hauinge made a ſufficiente proofe of his innocency, perſwadeth her to pitie him, whom ſhe herſelfe hath hurte. Moreouer it is to be noted, that the firſt letters of all the verſes in this Paſsion being ioyned together as they ſtand, do conteine this poſie agreeable to his meaning, *Amor me pungit & vrit.*

A World of woes doth raigne within my breſt,
My penſiue thoughtes are cou'red all with care,
Of all that ſing the Swanne doth pleaſe me beſt,
Reſtraint of ioyes exiles my woonted fare,
Mad mooded Loue vſurping Reaſons place
Extremitie doth ouer rule the caſe.
Paine drieth vp my vaines and vitall bloud,
Vnleſſe the Saint I ſerue geue helpe in time:
None els, but ſhe alone, can do me good.
Graunt then ye Gods, that firſt ſhe may not clime
Immortall heau'ns, to liue with Saintes aboue,
Then ſhe vouchſafe to yeeld me loue for loue.
Examine well the time of my diſtreſſe
Thou dainty Dame, for whom I pine away,
Vnguyltie though, as needes thou muſt confeſſe,
Remembring but the cauſe of my decay:
In bewing thy ſweete face arose my grieſe,
Therefore in time vouchſafe me ſome reliefe.

LIII.

The two first partes of this Sonnet, are an imitation of certaine Greeke verses of *Theocritus*; which verses as they are translated by many good Poets of later dayes, so moste aptlye and plainely by *C. Vrcinus Velius* in his Epigrammes; hee beginneth thus,

Nuper apis furem pupugit violenter Amorem
Ipsum ex alueolis clam mella fauosque legentem,
Cui summos manuum digitos confixit, at ille
Indoluit, læsæ tumuerunt vulnere palmæ:
Planxit humum, & saltu trepidans pulsauit, & ipsi
Ostendens Veneri, casum narrauit acerbum, &c.

Where tender Loue had laide him downe to sleepe,
A little Bee so stong his fingers end,
That burning ache enforced him to weepe
And call for * Phebus Sonne to stand his frend, * Æsculapius.
To whome he cride, I muse so small a thing
Can pricke thus deepe with suche a little Sting.
Why so, sweet Boy, quoth Venus sitting by?
Thy selfe is yong, thy arrowes are but small
And yet thy shotte makes hardest harts to cry:
To Phebus Sunne she turned therewithall,
And prayde him shew his skill to cure the sore,
Whose like her Boy had neuer felt before.
Then he with Herbes recured soone the wound,
Which being done, he threw the Herbes away,
Whose force, through touching *Loue*, in selfe same ground,
By haplesse hap did breede my hartes decay:
For there they fell, where long my hart had li'ne
To waite for *Loue*, and what he should assigne.

LIIII.

In this Passion the Authour boasteth, howe found a pleasure he lately enioyed in the companie of his *Beloued*, by pleasing effectually all his fiue senses exterior, and that through the onely benefite of her friendly presence, and extraordinarie fauour towards him. And in many choyse particulars of this Sonnet, he imitateth here and there a verse of *Ronsardes*, in a certaine *Elegie* to *Ianet peintre du Roy:* which beginneth thus,

Pein moi, Ianet, pein moi ie te supplie
Dans ce tableau les beautés de m'amie
De la façon, &c.

WHat happie howre was that I lately past
With her, in whome I fedde my senses all?
With one sure sealed kisse I pleas'd my tast;
Mine eares with woordes, which seemed Musicall;
My smelling with her breath, like Ciuet sweete;
My touch in place where modestie thought meete.
But shall I say, what obiectes held mine eye?
Her curled Lockes of Gold, like Tagus sandes;
Her Forehead smooth and white as Iuory,
Where Glory, State, and Bashfullnes held handes;
Her Eyes, one making Peace, the other Warres;
By Venus one, the other rul'd by Mars;
Her Egles Nose; her Scarlate Cheekes halfe white;
Her Teeth of Orient Pearle; her gracious smile;
Her dimpled Chinne; her Breast as cleere as light;
Her Hand like hers, *who Tithon did beguile.
For worldly ioyes who might compare with mee,
While thus I fedde each sense in his degree?

* Aurora.

LV.

The whole inuention of all this Paſsion is deducted out of *Seraphine,* Sonnet 63. whoſe verſes if you reade, you will iudge this Authors imitatiō the more praiſe worthy; theſe they are,

Come alma aſſai bramoſa & poco accorta
Che mai viſto hauea amor ſe non depinto,
Diſpoſi vn di cercar ſuo Laberinto,
Vedere él monſtro, & tanta gente morta.
Ma quel fil dèragion che chi per ſcorta
Del qual fu tutto el cecco loco cinto
Subito, ahime, fu da lui rotto & vinto,
Talche mai piu trouar ſeppi la porta.

My heedleſſe hart which Loue yet neuer knew,
But as he was deſcrib'd with Painters hand,
One day amongſt the reſt would needes goe view
The *Labyrinth* of *Loue,* with all his band,
To ſee the Minotaure his ougly face,
And ſuch as there lay ſlaine within the place.
But ſoone my guiding thrid by Reaſon ſpunne,
Wherewith I paſt a long his darkeſome caue,
Was breake (alas) by him, and ouerrunne,
And I perforce became his captiue ſlaue:
Since when as yet I neuer found the way
To leaue that maze, wherein ſo many ſtray.
Yet thou on whome, mine eyes haue gaz'd ſo longe
May'ſt, if thou wilt, play Ariadnaes part,
And by a ſecond Thrid reuenge the wronge,
Which through deceit hath hurt my guiltleſſe hart;
Vouchſafe in time to ſaue and let me free,
Which ſeeke and ſerue none other Saint but thee.

The firſt Staffe of this Paſsion is much like vnto that inuention of *Seraphine* in his Strambotti, where he ſaith,

Morte: che vuoi? te bramo: Eccomi appreſſo;
Prendemi: a che? che manchi el mio dolore;
Non poſſo: ohime, non puoi? non per adeſſo;
Perche? però che in te non regna il core. &c.

The ſecond Staffe ſomewhat imitateth an other of his Strambotti in the ſame leaſe; it beginneth thus,

Amor, amor: chi è quel che chiama tanto?
Vn tuo ſeruo fidel; non ti conoſco; &c.

The Authour in the laſte Staffe, returneth to entreate Death a new, to ende his dayes, as being halfe perſwaded that *Loue* would reſtore vnto him his hart againe.

COme gentle Death; who cals? one thats oppreſt:
What is thy will? that thou abridge my woe,
By cutting of my life; ceaſe thy requeſt,
I cannot kill thee yet: alas, why ſoe?
Thou want'ſt thy Hart. Who ſtoale the ſame away?
Loue, whom thou ſeru'ſt, intreat him if thou may.
Come, come, come *Loue*: who calleth me ſo oft?
Thy Vaſſall true, whome thou ſhould'ſt know by right.
What makes thy cry ſo faint? my voyce is ſoftre,
And almoſt ſpent by wayling day and night.
Why then, whats thy requeſt? that thou reſtoze
To me my Hart, and ſteale the ſame no moze.
And thou, O Death, when I poſſeſſe my Hart,
Diſpatch me then at once: why ſo?
By promiſe thou art bound to end my ſmart.
Why, if thy Hart returne, then whats thy woe?
That brought from colde, It neuer will deſire
To reſt with me, which am moze hote then fire.

LVII.

Here the Authour cheerefully comforting himſelfe, rebuketh all thoſe his frendes, or others whatſoeuer, which pitie his eſtate in *Loue*: and groundeth his inuention, for the moſte part, vpon the old Latine Prouerbe, *Conſuetudo eſt altera natura.* Which Prouerbe hee confirmeth by two examples; the one, of him, that being borne farre North ſeldome ketcheth colde; the other of the Negro, which beinge borne vnder a hote climate, is neuer ſmoothered with ouermuch heate.

ALl yee, that greeue to thinke my death ſo neere,
Take pitie on your ſelues, whoſe thought is blind;
Can there be Day, vnleſſe ſome Light appeare?
Can fire be colde, which yeeldeth heate by kinde?
If *Loue* were paſt, my life would ſoone decay,
Loue bids me hoape, and hoape is all my ſtay.
And you, that ſee in what eſtate I ſtand,
Now hote, now colde, and yet am liuing ſtill,
Perſuade your ſelues, *Loue* hath a mightie hand,
And cuſtome frames, what pleaſeth beſt her wil.
A ling'ring life of *Loue* hath taught my hreſt
To harbor ſtrife, and yet to liue in reſt.
The man that dwelles farre North, hath ſeldome harme
With blaſt of winters wind or nipping froſt:
The Negro ſeldome feeles himſelfe too warme
* If he abide within his native coaſt;
So, *Loue* in me a Second Nature is,
And cuſtome makes me thinke my Woes are Bliſſe.

* For both experience teacheth & Philologyhical reason approueth, that an Ethyopian may eaſily in Spaine be ſmothered with the heat of the countrey though Spaine be more temperate then Ethyopia is.

Aetna, called in times paſt *Inefia*, as *Volaterranus* witneſſeth, is a hollow hill in *Sicilia*, whoſe toppe burneth continuallie, the fire being maintained with a vaine of brimſtone, and other ſuch like Mineralles, which are within the ſaid Mountaine. Which notwithſtanding, the bottome of the hill is verie pleaſant, as well for the aboundance of ſweete fruites and flowers, as for the number of freſhe ſpringes and fountaines. The Poetes faine, that when Iuppiter had with his thunderboltes beaten downe the Gyantes of the earth, which rebelled againſt heauen, he did forthwith couer and oppreſſe them all with the weight of this hill *Aetna*. Theſe thinges being well conſidered, together with the verſe of *Horace*:

De arte Poetica.

(Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Inſiluit)

It may eaſily appeare, why the Author in this paſsion compareth his heart vnto the hill.

There is a monſtrous hill in *Sicill* ſoyle,
Where workes that limping God, which Vulcan hight,
And rebell Gyantes lurke, whome Ioue did foyle,
When gainſt the heau'ns they durſt preſume to fight;
The toppe thereof breathes out a burning flame,
And Flora ſittes at bottome of the ſame.
My ſwelling heart is ſuch an other hill,
Wherein a blinded God beares all the ſwaye,
And rebell thoughtes reſiſting reaſons ſkill
Are bound by will from ſtarting thence awaye;
The toppe thereof doth ſmoake with ſcalding ſmart,
And ſeldome ioyes obtaine the loweſt parte.
Yet learne herewith the difference of the twaine:
Empedocles conſum'd with Aetnaes fire
When godheade there he ſought, but all in vaine:
But this my heart, all flaming with deſire,
Embraceth in it ſelfe an Angels face,
Which beareth rule as Goddeſſe of the place.

LIX.

The Author in this paſsion accuſeth his owne eyes, as the principall or onelie cauſe of his amorous infelicitie: wherein his hearte is ſo oppreſſed continuallie with euils, which are contrarie in them ſelues, that reaſon can beare no ſwaye in the cauſe. Therefore in the ende, he inſtantlie entreateth his Ladie of her ſpeedie fauoure and goodwill, alleaginge what hurte may growe through her longer delaye.

THat thing, wherein mine eyes haue moſt delight,
Is greateſt cauſe my heart doth ſuffer paine:
Such is the hurt that comes by wanton ſight;
Which reaſon ſtriues to vanquiſh all in vaine;
This onely ſenſe, more quicke then all the reſt,
Hath kindled holie fire within my breſt.
And ſo my mourning hearte is parching drie
With ſending ſighes abroade, and keeping care,
That needes it muſt conſume, if longe it lye
In place, where ſuch a flame doth make repare:
This flame is Loue, whome none may well intreate,
But onely thee, for whome I ſuffer heate.
Then peereleſſe Dame, the ground of all my grieſe,
Vouchſafe to cure the cauſe of my complaint:
No fauoure els but thine can yeelde reliefe.
But helpe in time, before I further faint,
„ For Daunger growes by lingringe till the laſt,
„ And phiſick hath no helpe, when life is paſt.

The Authour groundeth this Paſsion vpon three poyntes. In the firſt, he ſheweth howe he witting and wilfully followeth his owne hurt, with ſuch like words as *Medæa* ſometime vſed,

Ouid. Metam. lib. 7.

* *Video meliora, proboque,*
Deteriora ſequor, &c.

In the ſecond, he excuſeth his fault vpon the maine force and tyrannie of *Loue*, being the onely gouernour of his wil. And laſtly, he humbly entreateth his *Lady* for the reſtitution of his wonted libertie: deſiring her not to exact more of him, then his abilitie of bodie or mind can well ſuſteine, according to the olde verſe,

Pelle magis rabida nihil eſt de Vulpe petendum.

WAs euer man, whoſe *Loue* was like to mine?
I follow ſtill the cauſe of my diſtreſse,
My Hart foreſeeing hurte, doth yet encline
To ſeeke the ſame, and thinkes the harme the leſſe.
In doing thus, you aſke me what I ayle:
Againſt maine force what reaſon can preuaile?
Loue is the Lord and Signor of my will,
How ſhall I then diſpoſe of any deede?
By forced Bond, he holdes my freedome ſtill,
He duls each ſenſe, and makes my hart to bleede.
Thou Sacred Nimph, whoſe vertue wanteth ſtaine,
Agree with *Loue*, and let me free againe.
Of this my weary Life no day ſhall fall,
Wherein my penne ſhall once thy praiſe forget:
No Night with ſleepe ſhall cloſe mine eyes at all,
Before I make recount of ſuch a debt;
Then force me not to more then well I may,
Beſides his Skinne, the Fox hath nought to pay.

LXI.

The inuention of this Passion is borrowed, for the most parte from *Seraphine Son.* 125. Which beginneth,

S'el gran tormento i fier fulmini accesi
Perduti hauessi, e li suoi strali Amore,
I n'ho tanti traffitti in meggio el core,
Che sol da me li potriano esser resi;
E se de gli ampli mari in terra stesi
Fusse priuo Neptuno, io spando fore
Lagryme tante, che con più liquore
Potrebbe nuoui mari hauer ripresi; &c.

IF *Loue* had lost his shaftes, and Ioue downe threw
His thundring boltes, and spent his forked fire,
They onely might recouered be anew
From out my Hart crosswounded with desire;
Or if Debate by Mars were lost a space,
It might be found within the selfe same place;
If Neptunes waues were all dride vp and gone,
My weeping eyes so many teares distill,
That greater Seas might grow by them alone;
Or if no flame were yet remayning still
In Vulcans forge, he might from out my brest
Make choise of such as should best him best.
If Aeole were depriu'd of all his charge,
Yet soone could I restore his windes againe,
By sobbing sighes, which forth I blow at large,
To moue her mind that pleasures in my paine;
What man, but I, could thus encline his will
To liue in *Loue,* which hath no end of ill?

That the vulgar ſorte may the better vnderſtand this Paſsiō, I will briefly touche thoſe, whom the Author nameth herein, being al damned ſoules (as the Poets faine) & deſtinate vnto ſundrie puniſhmentes. *Tantalus* hauing his lippes ſtill at the brinke of the riuer *Eridanus*, yet dieth for thirſt. *Ixion* is tied vnto a wheele; which turneth inceſſantly. A vulture feedeth vpon the bowels of *Tityus*, which growe vp againe euer as they are deuoured. *Siſyphus* rowleth a great rounde ſtoane vp a ſteepe hill, which being once at the top preſētly falleth downe amaine. *Belides* are fifty ſiſters, whoſe continuall taske is, to fill a bottomleſſe tub full of water, by lading in their pitchers full at once.

IN that I thirſt for ſuch a Goddeſſe grace
As wantes remoyſe, like Tantalus I die;
My ſtate is equall to Ixions caſe,
Whoſe rented limm's ar turn'd eternally,
In that my toyling toyles can haue no end,
Nor time, nor place, nor chaunce will ſtand my friend.
In that my heart conſuming neuer dyes,
I feele with Tityus an equall payne,
On whome an euer feeding Vulture lyes;
In that I ryſe through hope, and fall againe
By feare, like Siſyphus I labour ſtill
To turle a rowling ſtoane againſt the hill;
In that I make my vowes to her alone,
Whoſe eares are deafe, and will receine no ſound,
With Belides my ſtate is all but one,
Which fill a tub, whoſe bottome is not ſound.
A wondrous thing, ye Loue ſhould make the wound,
Wherein a ſecond Hell may thus be found.

Loue hath two arrowes, as *Cõradus Celtis* witneſſeth in theſe two verſes:

Per matris aſtrum, & per fera ſpicula,
Quæ bina fert ſæuus Cupido, &c. Odarum. lib. 1.

The one is made of leade, the other of golde, and either of them different in quality from the other. The Authour therfore faineth in this Paſsion, that when *Cupid* had ſtrokẽ him with that of lead, ſoone after pittying his painefull eſtate, he thought good to ſtrike his beloued with the other. But her breſt was ſo hard, that the ſhaft rebounding backe againe, wounded Loue him ſelfe at vnawares. Wherehence fell out theſe three inconueniences; firſt, that Loue him ſelfe became her thrall, whome hee ſhoulde haue conquered; then, that ſhe became proud, where ſhe ſhould haue been friẽdly. and laſtly, that the Authour by this meanes deſpaireth to haue any recure of his vnquiet life, & therfore deſireth a ſpee die death, as alluding to thoſe fẽtẽtious verſes of *Sophocles**, * Electra.

τί γὰρ βροτῶν ἂν σὺν κακοῖς μεμιγμένων
θνήσκειν ὁ μέλλων, τοῦ χρόνου κέρδος φέροι.

which may be thus Engliſhed paraphraſtically.

What can it him auaile to liue a while,
Whome, of all others, euilles are betyde?

LOue hath two ſhaftes, the one of beaten gold,
By ſtroake wherof a ſweete effect is wrought:
The other is of lumpiſhe leaden mould,
And worketh none effect, but what is nought;
Within my breſt the latter of the twaine
Breades feare, feare thought, and thought a lacking paine.
One day amongſt the reſt ſweete Loue beganne
To pitty mine eſtate, and thought it beſt
To perce my Deare with golde, that ſhe might ſcanne
My eaſe aright, and turne my toyles to reſt:
But from her breſt more hard then hardeſt flint
His ſhafte flewe backe, and in him ſelfe made pyinte.
And this is cauſe that Loue doth ſtoup her lure,
Whoſe heart he thought to conquere for my ſake;
That ſhe is proude; and I without recure:
Which triple hurte doth cauſe my hope to quake:
Hoape loſt breedes griefe, griefe paine, and paine diſeaſe,
Diſeaſe bringes death, which death will onely pleaſe.

This Paſsion is of like ſrame and faſhion with that, which was before vnder the number of XLI. whetherto I reſerre the Reader. But touching the ſenſe or ſubſtance of this Paſsion, it is euident, that herein the Authour, by layinge open the long continued grieueſomnes of his miſery in *Loue*, ſeeketh to moue his Miſtres to ſome compaſsion.

My humble ſute hath ſet my minde on pride,
Which pride is cauſe thou halt me in diſdaine,
By which diſdaine my woundes are made ſo wide,
That widenelle of my woundes augmentes my paine,
Which Paine is cauſe, by force of ſecreate iarres,
That I ſuſtaine a hunt of priuate Warres.
But ceaſe deere Dame to kindle further ſtrife,
Let Strifes haue ende, and Peace enioy their place;
If Peace take place, Pitie may ſaue my life,
For Pitie ſhould be ſhow'ne to ſuch as trace
Moſt daung'rous wayes, and tread their ſtepp's awy,
Or liue in woes: and ſuch a one am I.
Therefore My Deere Delight regard my *Loue*,
Whome *Loue* doth force to follow Fond Deſire,
Which Fond Deſire no counſell can remoue;
For what can counſell doe, to quench the fire
That fires my hart through fancies wanton will?
Fancie by kind with Reaſon ſtriueth ſtill.
"

LXV.

In the firſt and ſecond part of this paſsion, the Author proueth by examples, or rather by manner of argument, *A maiori ad minus*, that he may with good reaſon yeeld him ſelfe to the imperie of *Loue*, whome the gods them ſelues obey; as *Iuppiter* in heauen, *Neptune* in the ſeas, and *Pluto* in hell. In the laſt ſtaffe he imitateth certaine Italian verſes of M. *Girolamo Paraboſco*; which are, as followeth.

Occhi tuoi, anzi ſtelle alme, & fatali,
Oue ha preſcritto il ciel mio mal, mio bene:
Mie lagrime, e ſoſpir, mio riſo, e canto;
Mia ſpene, mio timor; mio foco & giaccio;
Mia noia, mio piacer; mia vita & morte.

Selua Seconda.

WHo knoweth not, how often Venus ſonne
Hath forced Iuppiter to leaue his ſeate?
Or els, how often Neptune he hath wunne
From ſeaes to ſandes, to play ſome wanton feate?
Or, howe he hath conſtraind the Lord of Stix
To come on earth, to practiſe louing trickes?
If heau'n, if ſeaes, if hell muſt needes obay,
And all therein be ſubiect vnto Loue;
What ſhall it then auaile, if I gainſay,
And to my double hurt his pow'r do proue?
No, no, I yeeld my ſelfe, as is but meete:
For hetherto with low'r he yeeldes me ſweet.
From out my Miſtres eyes, two lightſome ſtarres,
He deſtinates eſtate of double kinde,
My teares, my ſmyling cheere; my peace, my warres;
My ſighes, my ſonges; my feare, my hoping minde;
My fyre, my froſt; my ioy, my ſorrowes gall;
My curſe, my prayſe; my death, but life with all.

I

LXVI.

This Latine paſsion is borrowed from *Petrarch Sonetto* 133. which beginneth.

Hor, ch'l ciel, e la terra e'l vento tace,
E le fere, e gli augelli il ſonno affrena,
Notte'l carro ſtellato in giro mena,
E nel ſuo letto il mar ſenz' onda giace; &c.

Wherein he imitated *Virgill*, ſpeaking of *Dido*, thus.

Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant feſſa ſoporem
Corpora &c.

And this Author prefumeth, vpon the paines he hath taken, in faithfully tranſlating it, to place it amongſt thefe his owne paſsions, for a ſigne of his greate ſufferance in loue.

DVm cœlum, dum terra tacet, ventuſque ſileſcit,
Dumque feras, volucreſque quies complectitur alta,
Noxque agit in gyrum ſtellantes ſydere currus,
Inque ſuo lecto recubat ſine flumine Pontus,
Multa ego contemplor; ſtudeo; conflagro; gemiſco
Et, mea quæ dulcis pœna eſt, mihi ſemper oberrat.
In me bella gero plenuſque doloris & iræ,
Paxque mihi modica eſt Lauræ ſolius in vmbra.
Oritur ex vno claro mihi fonte & acerbum,
Et quod dulce ſapit; quorum depaſcor vtroque:
Vnica meque manus lædit, læſoque medetur,
Martyriumque meum nullo quia limite clauſum eſt,
Mille neces pacior, vitas totidemque refumo
Quoque die; ſupereſtque mihi ſpes nulla ſalutis.

LXVII.

A man ſinguler for his learning, and magiſtrate of no ſmall accoumpt, vpon ſlight ſuruey of this booke of paſsions, eyther for the liking he had to the Author, or for his owne priuate pleaſure, or for ſome good he conceyued of the worke, voutchſafed with his own hand to ſet down certaine poſies concerning the ſame: Amongſt which, this was one, *Loue hath no leaden heeles.* Whereat the Author glauncetb throughout al this Sonnet; which he purpoſely compyled at the preſſe, in remembrance of his worſhipfull frend, and in honour of his golden poſie.

When Cupid is content to keepe the ſkies,
He neuer takes delight in ſtanding ſtill,
But too and froe, and eu'ry where he flies,
And eu'ry God ſubdueth at his will,
As if his boaw were like to Fortunes wheele,
Him ſelfe like her, hauing no leaden heele.
When other whiles he paſſeth Lemnos Ile,
Unhappy boy he gybes the * Clubfoote Smith,
Who threatens him, and bids him ſtay a while,
But laughing out he leaues him he forthwith,
And makes him ſelfe companion with the Winde
To ſhew, his heeles are of no leaden kinde.
But in my ſelfe I haue too trewe a proofe:
For when he firſt eſpyde my raunging Heart,
He Falcon like came ſowſing from aloofe,
His ſwiftly falling ſtroake encreaſt my ſmart:
As yet my Heart the violence it feeles,
Which makes me ſay, Loue hath no leaden heeles.

* Vulcane.

The Author hath wrought this passion out of certaine verses of *Stephanus Forcatulus*, which are these.

Cor mihi punxit amor, sed punxit præpete telo;
figitur hoc tum plus, cum magis excutio. &c.
Carpere dictamum Cretæa nil iuuet Ida,
quo vellunt cerui spicula fixa leues.
Telephus hæc eadem fatalia vulnera sensit,
sanare vt tantum, qui facit illa, queat.

And whereas the Author in the end of this passion, alludeth to the woundes of *Telephus*, he is to be vnderstoode of that *Telephus*, the Sonne of *Hercules*, of whose wounde, being made and healed by *Achilles* onely, *Ouid* writeth thus.

Deremed. lib. 1 *Vulnus Achillæo quod quondam fecerat hosti,*
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit

And propertius in like maner lib. 2.

Mysus et Hæmonia iuuenis qui cuspide vulnus
Senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem.

Suidas mentioneth an other *Telephus*, an excellent Grāmarian of Pergamus.

IN secrete seate and centre of my hearte,
Vnwares to me, not once suspecting ill,
Blinde Cupides hand hath sirt a deadly dart,
Whereat how ere I plucke, it sticketh still,
And workes effect like those of Arab soyle,
Whose heades are dipt in poyson steed of oyle.
If't were like those, wherewith in Ida plaine
The Crætan hunter woundes the chased deere,
I could with Dictame drawe it out againe,
And cure me so, that skarre should scarce appeare:
* Or if Alcides shaft did make me bleed,
Machaons art would stand me in some steede.
But being, as it is, I must compare
With fatall woundes of Telephus alone,
And say, that he, whose hand hath wrought my care,
Must eyther cure my fatall wounde, or none:
Helpe therefore gentle Loue to ease my heart,
Whose paines encrease, till thou withdraw thy dart.

* He alludeth to the wound of Philoctetes.

LXIX.

In the firſt ſtaffe of this Paſſion, The Authour as one more then halfe drowping with deſpaire, ſorowfully recounteth ſome particular cauſes of his vnhappineſſe in Loue. In the reſidue, he entreateth a better aſpecte of the Planets, to the end, that either his life may bee inclined to a more happie courſe, or his death be haſtned, to end all his miſery at once.

My ioyes are donne, my comfort quite diſmay'd,
My weary wittes bewitch't with wanton will,
My will by Fancies heedeles faulte betrayd,
Whoſe eyes on Beauties face are fixed ſtill,
And whoſe conceyte Folly hath clouded ſoe,
That Loue concludes, my heart muſt liue in woe.
But change aſpect ye angry ſtarres aboue,
And powers diuine reſtore my liberty,
Or graunte that ſoone I may enioye my Loue,
Before my life incurre more miſery:
For nowe ſo hotte is each aſſault I feele
As woulde diſſolue a heart more harde then ſteele.
Or if you needes muſt worke my deadly ſmart,
Performe your charge by haſting on my death
In ſight of her, whoſe eyes enthrall my heart:
Both life and death to her I doe bequeath,
In hope at laſt, ſhe will vouchſafe to ſay,
I rewe his death, whoſe life I made away.

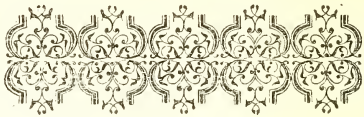
LXX.

In this passion the Authour some what a farre off imitateth an Ode in *Gervasius Sepinus* written to *Cupid*, where hee beginneth thus:

Erotopægnicon. lib. I.

Quid tenelle puer, Pharetra vbinam est?
Vbi arcus referens acuta Lunæ
Bina cornua? vbi flagrans Amoris
fax? vbi igneus ille arcus, in quo
De ipsis Cœlicolis, virisque victis
Vinctisque ante iugum aureus triumphas?
Haud possent tua summa numina vnam,
Vnam vincere Virginem tenellam?
Qui fortes animos pudicæ Elisæ
Fortioribus irrigans venenis
Vicisti: &c.

CVpid, where is thy golden quiuer nowe?
Where is thy sturdy Bowe? and where the fire,
Which made ere this the Gods themselues to bow?
Shall she alone, which forceth my Desire,
Report or thinke thy Godhead is so small,
That she through pride can scape from being thrall?
Whilom thou ouercam'st the stately minde
Of chast Elisa queene of Carthage land,
And did'st constraine Pasiphae gainst her kind,
And broughtest Europa faire to Creta sande,
Quite through the swelling Seas, to pleasure Ioue,
Whose heau'nly heart was touch't with mortall loue.
Thus wert thou wont to shewe thy force and slight,
By conqu'ring those that were of highest race,
Where nowe it seemes thou changest thy delight,
Permitting still, to thy no small disgrace,
A virgin to despise thy selfe, and me,
Whose heart is hers, where ere my body be.



LXXI.

The Authour writeth this Sonnet vnto his very friend, in excuſe of his late change of ſtudy, manners, and delights, all happening through the default of Loue. And here by examples he proueth vnto him, (calling him by the name of *Titus*, as if him ſelfe were *Gyſippus*) that Loue not onely worketh alteration in the mindes of men, but alſo in the very Gods them ſelues; and that ſo farre forth, as firſt to drawe them from their Celeſtiall ſeates and functions, and then to enſnare them with the vnſeemely deſire of mortall creatures, a Paſsion ill beſitting the maieſty of their Godheads.

ALas deere Titus mine, my auncient frend,
What makes thee muſe at this my preſent plight,
To ſee my wonted ioyes enioy their end
And how my Muſe hath loſt her old delight?
This is the leaſt effect of *Cupids* dart, „
To change the minde by wounding of the heart. „
Alcides fell in loue as I haue done,
And layd aſide both club and Lions ſkinne:
Achilles too when he faire Bryſes wunne,
To fall from warres to wooing did beginne.
May, if thou liſt, ſurvey the heau'ns aboue,
And ſee how Gods them ſelues are chang'd by Loue.
Ioue ſtealeſ from ſkies to lye by Lædaes ſide;
Arcas deſcendes for faire Aglaurus ſake,
And Sol, ſo ſoone as Daphne is eſpied,
To followe her his Chariot doth forſake:
No meruaile then although I change my minde,
Which am in loue with one of heau'nly kinde.

LXXII.

In this Sonnet The Authour feemeth to fpecifie, that his Beloued maketh her aboade in this our beautifull and faire Citty of London, fituate vpon the fide of the Themfe, called in latine *Thamefis*. And therefore, whilft he faineth, that *Thamefis* is honourably to be conueyed hence by all the Gods, towardes the Palace of old *Nereus*, he feemeth to growe into fome iealofie of his miftres, whofe beautie if it were as well known to thē, as it is to him, it would (as he faith) both deferue more to be honoured by thē, and pleafe *Tryton* much better, then *Thamefis*, although fhe be the faireft daughter of old *Oceanus*.

OCeanus not long agoe decreed
To wedd his dearelt daughter Thamefis
To Tryton Neptunes fonne, and that with fpeede:
When Neptune fawe the match was not amiffe,
Hee prayde the Gods from higheft to the leaft,
With him to celebrate the Nuptiall feaft,
Ioue did defcend with all his heau'nly trayne,
And came for Thamefis to London fide,
In whofe conduct each one imployd his paine
To reuerence the ftate of fuch a Bride:
But whilft I fawe her led to Nereus Hall,
My iealous heart begann to throbb withall.
I doubted I, left any of that crewe,
In fetching Thamefis, fhould see my Loue,
Whofe rifing face is of more lively hewe,
Then any Saintes in earth, or heau'n aboue:
Beſides, I fear'd, that Tryton would deſire
My Loue, and let his Thamefis retyre.

LXXIII.

Here the Author, by faining a quarrell betwixt *Loue* and his *Heart*, vnder a ſhadow expreſſeth the tyrannie of the one, & the miſerie of the other: to ſturre vp a iuſt hatred of the ones iniuſtice, and cauſe due compaſsion of the others vnhappines. But as he accuſeth *Loue* for his readines to hurt, where he may; ſo he not excuſeth his *Heart*, for deſiring a faire impriſonment, when he neded not: thereby ſpecifying in *Loue* a wilfull malice, in his *Heart* a heedleſſe follie.

I Rue to thinke vpon the diſmall day
When Cupid firſt proclamed open warre
Againſt my Hearte; which fledde without delay,
But when he thought from Loue to be moſt farre,
The winged boy preuented him by flight,
And led him captiuelyke from all delight.
The time of triumph being ouerpaſt,
He ſcarcely knewe where to beſtowe the ſpoile,
Till through my heedleſſe Heartes deſire, at laſt,
He lockt him vp in Tower of endleſſe toyle,
Within her breſt, whoſe hardned wil doth bere
Her ſilly gheſt ſofter then liquid wer.
This priſon at the firſt did pleaſe him well,
And ſeem'd to be ſome earthly Paradiſe,
Where now (alas) Experience doth tell,
That Beawties bates can make the ſimple wiſe,
And biddes him blame the bird, that willingly
Choaſeth a golden cage for liberty.

K

The Author in this paſsion, vpō a reaſon ſecret vnto him felfe, extolleth his Miſtres vnder the name of a Spring. Firſt he preferreth the fame before the ſacred fount of *Diana*, which (as *Ouid* witneſſeth 3. *Metam* :) was in the valley *Gargaphie*, adioyning to *Thæbes* : then, before *Tagus* the famous riuer in *Spaine*, whoſe ſandes are intermixt with ſtoare of gold, as may be gathered by thoſe two verſes in *Martiall lib.* 8.

Non illi ſatis eſt turbato ſordidus auro
Hermus, & Heſperio qui ſonat orbe Tagus.

And laſtly, before *Hippocrene*, a fountaine of *Bœotia*, now called the well of the *Muſes*, & fained by the *Poëts*, to haue had his fource or beginning from the heele of *Pegaſus* the winged horſe.

ALthough the droppes, which chaung'd Actæons ſhape,
Were halfe diuine, and from a ſacred fount;
Though after Tagus ſandes the world do gape;
And Hippocrene ſtand in high account:
Yet ther's a Spring, whoſe vertue doth excell
Dianaes fount, Tagus, and Pegaſe well.
That happie how'r, wherein I found it furſt,
And ſat me downe adioyning to the brinke,
My lowe it felfe, ſuppriſ'd with vnknow'n thurſt,
Did wiſh it lawfull were thereof to drinke;
But all in vaine: for Loue did will me ſtay
And waite a while in hope of ſuch a pray.
This is that Spring quoth he, where Nectar flowes,
Whoſe liquor is of price in heaun's aboue;
This is the Spring, wherein ſwete Venus ſhowes,
By ſecrete baite how Beautie forceth Loue.
Why then, quoth I, deere Loue how ſhall I mend,
Or quench my thurſt, vnleſſe thou ſtand my frend?

In this paſsion the Authour boroweth from certaine Latine verſes of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuſes of *Iuppiter* in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print. Some of the verſes may be thus cited to the explaning of this paſsion, although but lamelie.

Accipe vt ignaram candentis imagine Tauri
Luſerit Europam ficta &c.
Quàm nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amore. &c.
Qualis & Aſterien aquilinis preſſerit alis:
Quoque dolo lædam ficto ſub olore fefellit.
Adde quòd Antiopam Satyri ſub imagine &c.
Et fuit Amphytrio, cum te Tirynthia &c.
Æginæque duos ignis ſub imagine natos &c.
Parrhaſiam fictæ pharetra Vultuque Dianæ,
Mnemoſynen paſtor; ſerpens Deoïda luſit. &c.

Ouid writeth ſomewhat in like manner. Metam. *lib.* 6.

NOt the, whom Ioue tranſported into Crete;
Nor Semele, to whom he vow'd in haſt;
Nor the, whole ſlanckes he fild with fayned heate;
Nor whome with Ægles wings he oft embraſt;
Nor Danaë, beguyl'd by golden rape;
Nor the, for whome he tooke Dianaes ſhape;
Nor faire Antiopa, whole fruitefull loue
He gayned Satyr like; nor the, whole Sonne
To wanton Hebe was coniopn'd aboue;
Nor ſweete Mnemoſyne, whole loue he wunne
In ſhepheardes weede; no ſuch are like the Saint,
whole eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.
And Ioue him ſelfe may ſorme, if ſo he pleaſe,
To heare me thus compare my Loue with his:
No forked fire, nor thunder can diſeaſe
This heart of mine, where ſtronger torment is:
But O how this ſurpaſſeth all the reſt,
That the, which hurtes me moſt, I loue her beſt.

LXXVI.

In this Sonnet the Author being, as it were, in halfe a madding moode, falleth at variance with *Loue* himselfe, & blasphemeth his godheade, as one that can make a greater wounde, then afterwardes he him selfe can recure. And the chiefe cause that he setteth downe, why he is no longer to hope for helpe at *Loues* hande, is this, because he him selfe could not remedie the hurt which he susteyned by the loue of faire *Psyches*.*

* Vide Apul.

THou foolish God the Author of my griefe,
If Psyches beames could set thy heart on fire,
How can I hope, of thee to haue reliefe,
Whose minde with mine doth suffer like desire?
Henceforth my heart shall sacrifice elswhere
To such a Sainte as higher porte doth beare.
And such a Saint is she, whom I adore,
As foyles thy force, and makes thee stand aloofe;
None els, but she, can salue my festred soare;
And she alone will serue in my behoofe:
Then blinded boye, goe packe thee hence away,
And thou Sweet Soule, giue eare to what I say.
And yet what shall I say? straunge is my case,
In mid'st of froast to burne, and freze in flame:
Would Gods I neuer had beheld thy face,
Or els, that once I might possesse the same:
Or els that chaunce would make me free againe,
Whose hand helpt Loue to bring me to this paine.

LXXVII.

The chiefe contentes of this Paſsion are taken out of *Seraphine Sonnet*, 132.

Col tempo paſſa gli anni, i meſi, e l' hore,
Col tempo le richeze, imperio, e regno,
Col tempo fama, honor, fortezza, e ingegno,
Col tempo giouentu con belta more &c,

But this Authour inuerteth the order, which *Seraphine* vſeth, ſome times for his rimes ſake, but for the moſt part, vp on ſome other more allowable conſideration.

Time waſteth yeeres, and month's, and howr's:
Time doth conſume fame, honour, witt, and ſtrength:
Time kills the greeneſt Herbes and ſweeteſt flow's:
Time weares out youth and beauties lookes at length:
Time doth conuey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing els but Loue, which hath no end.
Time maketh eu'ry tree to die and rott:
Time turneth okte our pleaſures into paine:
Time cauſeth warres and wronges to be forgott:
Time cleares the ſkie, which firſt hung full of rayne:
Time makes an end of all humane deſire,
But onely this, which ſettes my heart on fire.
Time turneth into naught each Princely ſtate:
Time brings a fludd from newe reſolued ſnowe:
Time calmes the Sea where tempeſt was of late:
Time eates what ere the Moone can ſee belowe:
And yet no time preuailes in my behoue,
Nor any time can make me ceaſe to loue.

LXXVIII.

This Paſsion concerneth the lowring of his Miſtres and herein for the moſt part the Authour imitateth *Agnola firenzuola;* who vpon the like ſubiect, writeth as followeth,

O belle donne, prendam pietade
Di me pur hor' in talpa traſformato
D' huom, che pur dianza ardiua mirar fiſo
Come Aquila il ſol chiar in paradiſo.
Coſi va'l mondo, e coſi ſpeſſo accade
A chi ſi fida in amoroſo ſtato, &c.

WHat ſcowling cloudes haue ouercaſt the ſkie,
That theſe mine eies can not, as woonte they were,
Beholde their ſecond Sunne intentiuely?
Some ſtrange Eclipſe is hap'ned as I feare,
Whereby my Sunne is either bard of light,
Or I my ſelfe haue loſt my ſeeing quite.
Moſt likely ſoe, ſince Loue him ſelfe is blinde,
And Venus too (perhaps) will haue it ſo,
That Louers wanting ſight ſhall followe kinde.
O then faire Dames bewaile my preſent woe,
Which thus am made a moale, and blindefolde runne
Where Ægle like I late beheld the Sunne.
But out alas, ſuch guerdon is aſſignde
To all that loue and followe Cupids carre:
He tyes their limmes and doth bewitch their minde,
And makes within them ſelues a laſting warre.
Reaſon with much adoe doth teach me this,
Though yet I cannot mend what is a miſſe.

LXXIX.

The Authour in this Paſsion ſeemeth vppon miſlike of his wearisome eſtate in loue to enter into a deepe diſcourſe with him ſelfe touching the particular miſeries which befall him that loueth. And for his ſenſe in this place, hee is very like vnto him ſelfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of *Antigone* in *Sophocles* (which he lately tranſlated into Latine, and publiſhed in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth.

Mali quando Cupidinis
Venas æſtus edax occupat intimas,
Artes ingenium labitur in malas;
Iactatur variè, nec Cereris ſubit
Nec Bacchi ſtudium; peruigiles trahit
Noctes; cura animum ſollicita atterit, &c.

And it may appeare by the tenour of this Paſsion that the Authour prepareth him ſelfe to fall from Loue and all his lawes as will well appeare by the ſequell of his other Paſsions that followe, which are all made vpon this Poſie, *My Loue is paſt.*

Where heate of loue doth once poſſeſſe the heart, ,,
There cares oppreſſe the minde with wondrous ill, ,,
Wit runns awye not fearing future smarte, ,,
And fond deſire doth ouermaſter will: ,,
The belly neither cares for meate nor drinke, ,,
Nor ouerwatched eyes deſire to winke: ,,
Footeſteps are falſe, and waur'ing too and froe; ,,
The brightſome flow'r of beauty fades away: ,,
Reaſon retyres, and pleaſure brings in woe: ,,
And wiſedome yelderh place to black decay: ,,
Counſell, and fame, and friendſhip are contem'nd: ,,
And bashfull ſhame, and Gods them ſelues condem'nd. ,,
Watchfull ſuſpect is linked with deſpaire: ,,
Inconſtant hope is often drown'd in feares: ,,
What folly hurtes not fortune can repayre; ,,
And miſery doth ſwimme in Seas of teares: ,,
Long vſe of life is but a lingring foe, ,,
And gentle death is only end of woe. ,,

LXXX.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

ALL such as are but of indifferent capacitie, and haue some skill in Arithmetike, by viewing this Sonnet following compiled by rule and number, into the forme of a piller, may soone iudge, howe much art & study the Author hath bestowed in the same. Where in as there are placed many preaty obseruations, so these which I will set downe, may be marked for the principall, if any man haue such idle leasure to looke it ouer, as the Authour had, when he framed it. First therfore it is to be noted, that the whole piller (except
1 the basis or foote thereof) is by relation of either halfe to the other Antitheticall or Antifillabicall. Secondly, how this pose (Amare
2 est insanire) runneth twyse through out ye Columne, if ye gather but the first letter of euery whole verse oddely (excepting the two last) and then in like manner take but the last letter of euery one of the said verses, as they stand. Thirdly is to bee obserued, that euery
3 verse, but the two last, doth end with the same letter it beginneth, and yet through out the whole a true rime is perfectly obserued, al-
4 though not after our accustomed manner. Fourthly, that the foote of the piller is Orchematicall, yt is to say, founded by transition or ouer skipping of number by rule and order, as from 1 to 3, 5, 7, & 9: the secret vertue whereof may be learned in * Trithemius, as namely by tables of transition to decypher any thing that is written by secret transposition of letters, bee it neuer so cunningly conueighed. And lastly, this obseruation is not to be neglected, that
5 when all the foresaide particulars are performed, the whole piller is but iust 18 verses, as will appeare in the page following it, Per modum expansionis.

* Polygraphiæ suæ lib. 5

LXXXI.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Pasquine Piller erected in the despite of Loue.

A 1 At
2 last, though
3 late, farewell
4 olde well a da: A
m 5 Mirth or mischance strike
a 6 vp a newe alarM, And m
7 Cypria la nemica
r 8 miA Retire to Cyprus Ile, a
e 9 t cease thy waRR, Els must thou prove how r
E 10 Reason can by charmG Enforce to slight thy e
s 11 blindfolde hatre t thee. So frames it with mee now, E
t 12 that I confess, The life I ledde in Loue denoyde s
I 12 of rest, It was a Hell, where none felte more then I, t
n 11 Nor anye with lyke miseries foloyN. Since I n
s 10 therefore now my woes are werd less, And s
a 9 Reason bidds mee leaue olde wellad A, a
n 8 No longer shall the worlde laughe mee
i 7 to scorN; I'le choose a path that n
r 6 shall not leade awrie. Rest i
5 then with mee from your
4 blinde Cupids carR r
e. 3 Each one of
2 you, that
1 serue,
3 and would be
5 freE. Y'is doable thrall e.
7 that liu's as Loue thinks best, whose
9 hande still Tyrant like to hurte is preste.

Huius Columnæ Basis, pro sillabarum numero & linearum proportione est Orchematica.

L

MY LOVE IS PAST.

Expansio Columnæ præcedentis.

A At last, though late, farewell olde wellada; A
m Wirth for mischaunce strike vp a newe alarm; m
a And Ciprya la nemica mia a
r Retyre to Cyprus Ile and cease thy warr, r
e Els must thou proue how Reason can by charme e
E Enforce to light thy blyndfold brette and thee. E
s So frames it with me now, that I confess s
t The like I ledde in Loue deuoyd of rest t
I It was a Hell, where none felt more then I, I
n For any with like miseries forlorn. n
s Since therefore now my woes are wered less, s
a And Reason bids me leaue olde wellada, a
n No longer shall the world laugh me to scorn: n
i I'le choose a path that shall not leade awry. i
r Rest then with me from your blinde Cupids carr r
e. Each one of you, that serue and would be free. e
,, * H'is double thrall that liu's as Loue thinks best
,, Whose hand still Tyrant like to hurt is prest.

τόν τόι τύρα-
νον εὐσεβεῖν
οὐ ῥάδιον.
Sophoc. in
Aia. flagell.

LXXXIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of *Ronsardes* * *Odes;* which beginneth thus.

Les Muses lierent vn iour
De chaisnes de roses Amour,
Et pour le garder, le donnerent
Aus Graces & à la Beautè:
Qui voyans sa desloyautè,
Sus Parnase l' emprisonnerent. &c.

* *Au liure de ses meslanges.*

THe Muſes not long ſince intrapping Loue
In chaines of roaſes linked all araye,
Gaue Beawtie charge to watch in theire behoue
With Graces three, leſt he ſhould wend awaye:
Who fearing yet he would eſcape at laſt,
On high Parnaſſus toppe they clapt him faſt.
When Venus vnderſtoode her Sonne was thrall,
Shе made poſthaſte to haue God Vulcans aide,
Solde him her Gemmes, and Ceſton therewithall,
To ranſome home her Sonne that was betraide;
But all in vaine, the Muſes made no ſtoare
Of gold, but bound him faſter then before.
Therefore all you, whom Loue did ere abuſe,
Come clappe your handes with me, to ſee him thrall,
Whoſe former deedes no reaſon can excuſe,
For killing thoſe, which hurt him not at all:
My ſelfe by him was lately led awye,
Though now at laſt I force my loue to dye.

vt Martis reuocetur amor, ſũmique Tonantis,
A te luno petit Ceſton, et ipſa Venus.
Martialis.

LXXXIIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in this Sonnet expresseth his mallice towardes *Venus* and her Sonne *Cupid*, by currying fauour with *Diana*, and by suing to haue the selfe same office in her walkes and forrest, which sometimes her chast and best beloued *Hippolitus* enioyed. Which *Hippolitus* (as *Seruius* witnesseth) dyed by the false deceipt of his Stepmother *Phædra*, for not yeelding ouer himselfe vnto her incestuous loue: whereuppon *Seneca* writeth thus,

Iuuenisque castus crimine incestæ iacet,
Pudicus, infous.

Diana, since Hippolytus is deade,
Let me enioy thy fauour, and his place:
My might through will shall stand thee in some steade,
To driue blinde Loue and Venus from thy chase:
For where they lately wrought me mickle woe,
I vow me nowe to be theire mortall foe.
And doe thou not mistrust my chastetie,
When I shall raunge amidst thy virgine traine:
My raynes are chastned so through misterie,
That Loue with me can nere preuaile againe:
,, The childe, whose finger once hath felt the fire,
,, To playe therewith will haue but smale desire.
Besides, I vow to beare a watchful eye,
Discou'ring such, as passe along thy groue;
If Iuppiter him selfe come loytring by,
Ile call thy crew, and bid them fly from Ioue;
For if they stay, he will obtaine at last,
What now I loathe, because my loue is past.

LXXXV.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The cheifeſt ſubſtance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of certeine Latin verſes of *Strozza* a noble man of *Italy*, and one of the beſt Poëts in all his age: who in deſcribing Metaphorically to his friend *Antonius* the true forme of his amorous eſtate, writeth thus:

Vnda hic ſunt Lachrimæ, Venti ſuſpiria, Remi
Vota, Error velum, Mens maleſana Ratis;
Spes Temo, Curæ Comites, Conſtantia Amoris
Eſt malus, Dolor eſt Anchora, Nauita Amor, &c.

The ſouldiar wayne with warres, delightes in peace;
The pilgrime in his eaſe, when toyles are paſt;
The ſhip to gayne the porte, when ſtormes doe ceaſe;
And I reioyce, from Loue diſcharg'd at laſt;
Whome while I ſeru'd, peace, reſt, and land I loſt,
With grieuſome wars, with toyles, with ſtorm's betoſt.
Sweete liberty nowe giues me leaue to ſing,
What worlde it was, where Loue the rule did beare;
Howe foolish Chaunce by lottes rul'd euery thing;
Howe Error was maine ſaile; each waue a Teare; »
The maſter, Loue him ſelfe; deepe ſighes were winde; »
Cares rowd with vowes the ſhip vnmery minde. »
Falſe hope as healme oft turn'd the boat about; »
Inconſtant faith ſtood vp for middle maſte »
Deſpaire the cable twiſted all with Doubt »
Held Griping Griefe the pyked Anchor faſt; »
Beautie was all the rockes. But I at laſt, »
Am now twiſe free, and all my loue is paſt. »

LXXXVI.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The ſenſe of this Sonnet is for the moſt part taken out of a letter, which *Æneas Syluius* wrote vnto his friend, to perſuade him, that albeit he lately had publiſhed the wanton loue of *Lucretia* and *Euryalus*, yet hee liked nothing leſſe then ſuch *fond Loue;* and that he nowe repented him of his owne labour ouer idlely beſtowed in deſcribing the ſame.

SWeete liberty reſtores my woonted ioy,
And bids me tell, how painters ſet to viewe
The ſoyme of Loue. They paintre him but a Boy,
As working moſt in mindes of youthfull crewe:
They ſet him naked all, as wanting ſhame
To keepe his ſecret partes or t'hide the ſame.
They paint him blinde in that he cannot ſpy
What diſtrence is twixt vertue and default
With Boe in hand, as one that doth defie,
And cumber heedeleſſe heartes with fierce aſſault:
His other hand doth hold a brand of fire,
In ſigne of heate he makes through hot deſire.
They giue him winges to flie from place to place,
To note that all are wau'ring like the winde,
Whole liberty fond Loue doth once deface.
This ſoyme to Loue old paynters haue aſſigned:
Whole fond effects if any liſt to proue,
Where I make end, let them begin to Loue.

LXXXVII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in the firſte ſtaffe of this Sonnet, expreſſeth how Loue firſt went beyond him, by perſuading him that all was golde which gliſtered. In the ſecond, hee telleth, how time broughte him to trueth, and Trueth to Reaſon: by whoſe good counſell he found the way from worſe to better, & did ouergoe the malice of blinde Fortune. In the third ſtaffe, he craueth pardon at euery man for the offences of his youth; and to Loue, the onely cauſe of his long errour, hee geueth his *vltimum vale.*

YOuth made a fault through lightnes of Beleefe,
Which fond Beleefe *Loue* placed in my breſt:
But now I finde, that Reaſon giues reliefe; ”
And time ſhewes Trueth, and Wit, thats bought, it beſt; ”
Muſe not therefore although I chaunge my paine,
He runnes too farre which neuer turnes againe.
Henceforth my mind ſhall haue a watchfull eye, ”
Ile ſcorne *Fond Loue,* and practiſe of the ſame:
The wiſedome of my hart ſhall ſoone deſerie
Each thing thats good, from what deſerueth blame:
My long ſhalbe; *Fortune* hath ſpitte her ſpight,
And *Loue* can hurt no more withall his might.
Therefore all you, to whome my courſe is knowne,
Thinke better comes, and pardon what is paſt:
I find that all my wildeſt Oates are ſowne,
And Joy to ſee, what now I ſee at laſt;
And ſince that *Loue* was cauſe I trode a way,
I heere take off his Bels, and let him flie.

LXXXVIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

This whole Sonnet is nothing els but a briefe and pithy morall, and made after the felfe fame vaine with that, which is laft before it. The two firft ftaffes, (excepting onely the two firft verfes of all) expreffe the Authours alteration of minde & life, and his change from his late vaine eftate and follies in loue, by a metaphore of the fhipmã, which by fhipwrakes chaunce is happely reftoared on a fodeine vnto that land, which he a long time had moft wifhed for.

I Long maintayned warre gainft Reafons rule,
I wandzed pilgrime like in Errors maze,
I fat in Follies fhip, and playde the foole,
Till on Repentance rocke hir fides did craze:
Herewith I learne by hurtes alreadie paft,
That each extreme will change it felfe at laft.
This fhipwzackes chance hath fet me on a fhelfe,
Where neither Loue can hurte me any moze,
Noz Fortunes hand, though fhe enforce her felfe;
Difcretion graunts to fet me fafe on fhoare,
Where guile is fetred faft and wifedome rules,
To punifh heedeles hearts and wilfull fooles.
And fince the heau'ns haue better lot affign'd,
I feare to burne, as hauing felte the fire;
And pzoofe of harmes fo changed hath my minde,
That witt and will to Reafon doe reyze:
Not Venus nowe, noz Loue with all his fnares
Can dzawe my witts to woes at vnawares.

LXXXIX.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The two firſt ſtaffes of this Sonnet are altogether ſententiall, and euerie one verſe of them is grownded vpon a diuerſe reaſon and authoritie from the reſt. I haue thought good for breuitie ſake, onelie to ſet downe here the authorities, with figures, whereby to applie euerie one of them to his due lyne in order as they ſtand. 1. Hieronimus: *In delicijs difficile eſt ſeruare caſtitatem.* 2 Auſonius: *diſpulit inconſultus amor &c.* 3. Seneca: *Amor eſt ocioſæ cauſa ſollicitudinis.* 4. Propertius: *Errat, qui finem veſani quærit amoris.* 5. Horatius: *Semper ardentes acuēs ſagittas.* 6. Xenophon *ſcribit amorem eſſe igne, & flamma flagrantiorem, quòd ignis vrat tangentes, et proxima tantū cremet, amor ex longinquo ſpectante torreat.* 7. Calenti: *Plurima Zelotipo ſunt in amore mala.* 8. Ouidius: *Inferet arma tibi fœua rebellis amor.* 9. Pontanus: *Si vacuum ſineret perfidioſus amor.* 10. Marullus: *Quid tantum lachrimis meis proterue Inſultas puer?* 11. Tibullus: *At laſciuus amor rixæ mala verba miniſtrat.* 12. Virgilius: *Bellum ſæpe petit ferus exitiale Cupido.*

,, LOue hath delight in ſweete delicious care;
,, Loue neuer takes good Counſell for his frende;
,, Loue author is, and cauſe of ydle care;
,, Loue is diſtraught of witte, and hath no end;
,, Loue ſhoteth ſhaftes of burning hote deſire;
,, Loue burneth more then eyther flame or fire:
,, Loue doth much harme through Ialoſies aſſault;
,, Loue once embrast will hardly part againe;
,, Loue thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault;
,, Loue makes a ſporte of others deadly paine;
,, Loue is a wanton Childe, and loues to brall;
,, Loue with his warre bringes many ſoules to thrall.
Theſe are the ſmalleſt faultes that lurke in Loue,
Theſe are the hurtes which I haue cauſe to curſe,
Theſe are thoſe truethes which no man can diſproue,
Theſe are ſuch harmes as none can ſuffer worſe.
All this I write, that others may beware,
Though now my ſelfe twiſe free from all ſuch care.

1. *Hieroni.*
2. *Auſon.*
3. *Seneca.*
4. *Propert.*
5. *Horat.*
6. *Xenoph.*
7. *Calent.*
8. *Ouid.*
9. *Pont.*
10. *Marull.*
11. *Tibull.*
12. *Virgil. de Vino et Venere.*

XC.

My LOVE IS PAST.

In this Latine paſsion, the Authour tranſlateth, as it were, paraphraſtically the Sonnet of *Petrarch*, which beginneth thus.

Sonnet. 313. *Tennemi Amor anni vent' vno ardendo,*
Licto nel foco, e nel duol pien di ſpeme. &c.

But to make it ſerue his own turne, he varieth from *Petrarches* wordes, where he declareth, howe manie yeares he liued in loue, as well before, as ſince the death of his beloued *Lawra.* Vnder which name alſo the Authour, in this Sonnet, ſpecifieth her, whom he lately loued.

ME ſibi ter binos annos vnumque ſubegit
Diuus Amor; lætuſque fui, licet ignibus arſi;
Spemque habui certam, curis licèt ictus acerbis.
Iamque duos alios exutus amore perêgi,
Ac ſi ſydereos mea Laura volârit in orbes,
Duxerit et ſecum veteris penetralia cordis.
Pertæſum tandem vitæ me pænitet actæ,
Et pudet erroris penè abſumpſiſſe ſub vmbra
Semina virtutum. Sed quæ pars vltima reſtat,
Supplice mente tibi tandem, Deus alte, repono,
Et malè tranſactæ deploro tempora vitæ,
Cuius agendus erat meliori tramite curſus,
Litis in arcendæ ſtudijs, et pace colendæ.
Ergò ſumme Deus, per quem ſum clauſus in iſto
Carcere, ab æterno ſaluum fac eſſe periclo.

XCI.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the latter part of this Sonnet the Authour imitateth thoſe verſes of *Horace.* *Me tabula ſacer*
Votiua paries indicat vuida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo.
Ad Pyrrham ode. 5.

Whom alſo that renowned *Florentine M. Agnolo Firenzuola* did imitate long agoe, both in like manner and matter, as followeth.

O miſeri coloro,
Che non prouar di donna fede mai:
Il pericol, ch'io corſi
Nel tempeſtoſo mar, nella procella
Del lor crudel Amore,
Moſtrar lo può la tauoletta poſta,
E le veſti ancor molli
Soſpeſe al tempio del horrendo Dio
Di queſto mar crudele.

YE captiue ſoules of blindefold Cyprians boate,
Marke with aduiſe in what eſtate yee ſtande,
Your Boteman neuer whiſtles mearie noate,
And Folly keeping ſterne, ſtill puttes from lande,
And makes a ſport to toſſe you to and froe
Twixt ſighing windes, and ſurging waues of woe.
On Beawties rocke ſhe runnes you at her will,
And holdes you in ſuſpenſe twixt hope and feare,
Where dying oft, yet are you liuing ſtill,
But ſuch a life, as death much better were;
Be therefore circumſpect, and follow me,
When Chaunce, or chaunge of maners ſets you free.
Beware how you returne to ſeas againe:
Hang vp your votiue tables in the quyre
Of Cupids Church, in witneſſe of the paine
You ſuffer now by forced fond deſire:
Then, hang your throughwett garmentes on the wall,
And ſing with me, That Loue is mixt with gall.

XCII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

Here the Author by comparing the tyrannous delightes and deedes of blinde *Cupid* with the honeſt delightes & deedes of other his ſellow Goddeſſes and Gods, doth bleſſe the time and howre that euer he forſooke to follow him; whom he confeſſeth to haue bene greate & forcible in his doings, though but litle of ſtature, and in apparence weakelie. Of all the names here mentioned, *Hebe* is ſeldomeſt redde, wherfore know they which know it not alreadie, that *Hebe* (as *Seruius* writeth) is *Iunoes* daughter, hauing no father, & now wife to *Hercules*, and Goddeſſe of youth, and youthlie ſporting: and was cupbearer to *Ioue*, till ſhe fell in the preſence of all the Goddes, ſo vnhappelie, that they ſawe her priuities, whereupon *Ioue* being angry, ſubſtituted *Ganimedes* into her office and place.

PHebus delightes to view his Lawrel Tree;
The Popplar pleaſeth Hercules alone;
Meliſſa mother is, and fautrix to the Bee;
Pallas will weare the Oliue branche or none;
Of shepheardes and theire flocke Pales is Quene;
And Ceres rypes the corne, was lately greene;
To Chloris eu'ry flower belonges of right;
The Dryade Nimphs of woodes make chiefe accompt;
Oreades in hills haue theire delight;
Diana doth protect each bubblinge Fount;
To Hebe louely killing is aũgn'd;
To Zephire eu'ry gentle breathing winde.
But what is Loues delight? to hurt each where;
,, He cares not whome, with dartes of deepe deſire,
,, With watchfull ſealoũe, with hope, with feare,
,, With nipping cold, and ſecrete flames of fire.
O happye howre wherein I did forgoe
This litle God, ſo greate a cauſe of woe.

XCIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the firſt and ſixt line of this Paſsion the Authour alludeth to two ſentencious verſes in *Sophocles* ; whereof the firſt is,

ὦ μῶρε, θυμὸς δ' εν κακοῖς οὐ ξύμφορον,
O foole, in cuills fretting nought auailes.

* In Oedipo Colonæo.

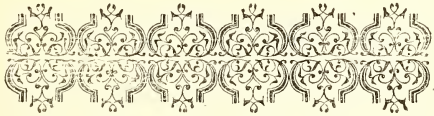
The ſecond,

τὸ γὰρ
φανθὲν τίς ἂν δύναιτ' ἀγέννητον ποιεῖν.
For who can make vndon what once is done?

* In Trachiniis.

In the other two ſtaffes following, the Authour purſueth on his matter, beginning and ending euery line with the ſelfe ſame ſillable he vſed in the firſt : wherein hee imitateth ſome Italian Poets, who more to trie their witts, hen for any other conceite, haue written after the like manner.

MY loue is paſt, woe worth the day and how'r
When to ſuch folly firſt I did encline,
Whereof the very thought is bitter ſow'r,
And ſtill would hurte, were not my ſoule diuine,
Or did not *Reaſon* teach, that care is vaine
For ill once paſt, which cannot turne againe.
My *Loue* is paſt, bleſſed the day and how'r.
When from ſo fond eſtate I did decline,
Wherein was little ſweet with mickle ſow'r,
And ſolle of minde, whoſe ſubſtance is diuine,
Or at the left, expence of time in vaine,
For which expence no *Loue* returneth gaine.
My *Loue* is paſt, wherein was no good how'r :
When others ioy'd, to cares I did encline,
Whereon I ſedde, although the taſte were ſow'r.
And ſtill beleu'd *Loue* was ſome pow'r diuine,
Or ſome inſtinct, which could not worke in vaine,
Forgetting, *Time well ſpent was double* gaine.



XCIIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Paſsion the Authour hath but augmented the inuention of *Seraphine*, where he writeth in this manner.

Biaſtemo quando mai le labbra aperſi
Per dar nome à coſtei, che acciò me induce.
Biaſtemo il tempo, & quanti giorni hò perſi
A ſeguitar ſi tenebroſa luce:
Biaſtemo charta, inchioſtro, e verſi,
Et quanto Amor per me fama gliaduce:
Biaſtemo quando mai la vidi anchora,
El meſe, l'anno, & giorno, el punto, & lhora.

I Curſe the time, wherein theſe lips of mine
Did praye or praiſe the Dame that was vnkinde:
I curſe both leafe, and ynke, and euery line
My hand hath writ, in hope to moue her minde:
I curſe her hollowe heart and flattring eyes,
Whoſe lie deceyte did cauſe my mourning eyes:
I curſe the ſugred ſpeach and Syrens ſong,
Wherewith ſo oft ſhe hath bewitcht mine eare:
I curſe my foolith will, that ſtay'd ſo long,
And tooke delight to bide twixte hoape and feare:
I curſe the howre, wherein I firſt began
By louing lookes to proue a witleſſe man:
I curſe thoſe dayes which I haue ſpent in vaine,
By ſeruing ſuch an one as reakes no right:
I curſe each cauſe of all my ſecret paine,
Though Loue to heare the ſame haue ſmall delight:
And ſince the heau'ns my freedome nowe reſtore,
Hence forth Ile liue at eaſe, and loue no more.

XCV.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Labyrinth is a place made full of turnings & creekes, wherehence, he that is once gotten in, can hardly get out againe. Of this sorte * *Pliny* mentioneth foure in the world, which were most noble. One in *Crete* made by *Dædalus*, at the commaundement of king *Minos*, to shut vp the *Minotaure* in: to which monster the *Atheniens* by league were bound, euery yeere to send seuen of their children, to bee deuoured; which was persourmed, till at the last, by the helpe of *Ariadne*, *Theseus* slewe the monster. An other he mentioneth to haue beene in *Ægipt*, which also *Pomponius Mela* describeth in his first booke. The third in *Lemnos*, wherein were erected a hūdreth & fifty pillers of singuler workmāship. The fourth in *Italy*, builded by *Porsenna* king of *Hetruria*, to serve for his sepulchre. But in this Passion the Authour alludeth vnto that of *Crete* only.

* Lib. 36. ca. 13.

THough somewhat late, at last I found the way
To leaue the doubtfull Labyrinth of Loue,
Wherein (alas) each minute seemd a day:
Him selfe was Minotaure; whose force to proue
I was enforst, till Reason taught my mind
To slay the beast, and leaue him there behind.
But being scaped thus from out his maze,
And past the dang'rous Denne so full of doubt,
False Theseus like, my credite shall I craze,
Forsaking her, whose hand did helpe me out?
With Ariadne Reason shall not say,
I sau'd his life, and yet he runnes away.
No, no, before I leaue the golden rule,
Or lawes of her, that stoode so much my friend,
Or once againe will play the louing foole,
The sky shall fall, and all shall haue an end:
I wish as much to you that louers be,
Whose paines will passe, if you beware by me.

XCVI.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Paſsion, the Authour in ſkoffing bitterly at *Venus*, and her ſonne *Cupid*, alludeth vnto certaine verſes in *Ouid*, but inuerteth them to an other ſenſe, then *Ouid* vſed, who wrote them vpon the death of *Tibullus*. Theſe are the verſes, which he imitateth,

Ecce puer Veneris fert euerſamque phiaretram,
Et fractos arcus, & ſine luce facem.
Elegiar. lib. 8 *Aſpice demiſsis vt eat miſerabilis alis,*
Pectoraqu. infeſta tondat aperta manu. &c.
Nec minus eſt confuſa Venus. &c,
Quàm iuuenis rupit cum ferus inguen aper,

What ayles poore Venus nowe to ſit alone
In funerall attyre, her wonted hew
Quite chang'd, her ſmile to teares, her myrth to moan:
As though Adonis woundes nowe bled anew,
Or the with young Iulus late return'd
From ſeeing her Æneas carkas burn'd.
Alack for woe, what ayles her little Boy,
To haue his tender cheekes beſprent with teares,
And ſit and ſighe, where he was wonte to toy?
How happes, no longer he his quiuer weares,
But breakes his Bow, throwing the ſhiuers by,
And pluckes his winges, and lettes his fyerebrand dye?
No, Dame and Darling too, yee come to late,
To winne me now, as you haue done tofore;
I liue ſecure, and quiet in eſtate,
Fully reſolu'd from louing any more:
Goe pack for ſhame from hence to Cyprus Ile,
And there goe play your prankes an other while.

XCVII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in this pafsion alludeth to the fable of *Phineus*, which is fette downe at large in the *Argonauticks* of *Apollonius*, and *Valerius Flaccus*. He compareth him felfe vnto *Phineus*; his Miftres vnto the *Harpyes*; and his thoughtes vnto *Zethes*, and his defires vnto *Calais*, the two twinnes of *Boreas*; and the voyce of *Ne plus vltra* fpoaken from Heauen to *Calais* and *Zethes*, vnto the *Diuine grace*, which willed him to follow no further the miferies of a Louers eftate, but to profeffe vnfainedlie, that his Loue is paft. And, laft of all, the Author concludeth againft the fower fawce of *Loue* with the French prouerbe: *Pour vn plaifir mille douleurs.*

The Harpye birdes, that did in fuch defpight
Greiue and annoy old Phinëus fo fore,
Were chaf'd away by Calais in flight
And by his brother Zeth for euermore;
Who follow'd them, vntill they hard on hye
A voyce, that faid, Ye Twinnes No further fly.
Phineus I am, that fo tormented was;
My Laura here I may an Harpye name;
My thoughtes and lukes bee Sonnes to Borëas,
Which neuer ceas'd in following my Dame,
Till heau'nly Grace faid vnto me at laft,
Leaue fond Delightes, and fay thy loue is paft.
My loue is paft I fay, and fing full glad;
My time, alas, mifpent in Loue I rewe,
Wherein few ioyes, or none at all I had,
But ftoare of woes: I found the prouerbe true,
For eu'ry pleafure that in Loue is found,
A thouland woes and more therein abound.

XCVIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this paſsion, telling what *Loue* is, eaſeth his heart, as it were, by rayling out right, where he can worke no other manner of reuenge. The inuention hereof, for the moſt part of the particulars conteyned, is taken out of certeine Latine verſes, which this Authour compoſed vpon *Quid Amor*. Which becauſe they may well importe a paſsion of the writer, and aptly befitte the preſent title of his ouerpaſſed *Loue*, he ſetteth them downe in this next page following, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth paſsions of this booke.

HArke wanton youthes, whome Beawtie maketh blinde,
And learne of me, what kinde a thing is Loue;
Loue is a Braineſicke Boy, and fierce by kinde;
A Willfull Thought, which Reaſon can not moue;
A Flattring Sycophant; a Murd'ring Thieſe;
A Poyſned choaking Bayte; a Tyſing Grieſe;
A Tyrant in his Lawes; in ſpeach vntrue;
A Blindfold Guide; a Feather in the winde;
A right * Chameleon for change of hewe;
A Lamelimme Luſt; a Tempeſt of the minde;
A Breach of Chaſtitie; all vertues Foe;
A Priuate warre; a Toilſome webbe of woe;
A Fearefull Ialoſie; a Vaine Deſire;
A Labyrinth; a Pleaſing Miſerie;
A Shipwracke of mans life; a Smoakleſſe fire;
A Sea of teares; a laſting Lunacie;
A Heauie ſeruitude; a Dropſie Thurſt;
A Helliſh Gaile, whoſe captiues are accurſt.

*Vide Plin. natura Hiſt lib. 28. cap. 8.

Quid Amor?

QVid ſit amor, qualiſque, cupis me ſcire magiſtro?
Eſt Veneris proles; cælo metuendus, et Orco;
Et leuior ventis; et fulminis ocyor alis;
Peruigil excubitor; ſallax comes; inuidus hoſpes;
Armatus puer; inſanus iuuenis; nouitatis
Queſitor; belli fautor; virtuti inimicus;
Splendidus ore; nocens promiſſo; lege tyrannus;
Dux cæcus; gurges viciorum; noctis alumnus;
Fur clandeſtinus; mors viuida; mortua vita;
Dulcis inexpertis; expertis durus; Eremus
Stultitiæ; facula igneſcens; veſana libido;
Zelotypum frigus; mala mens; corrupta voluntas;
Pluma leuis; morbus iecoris; dementia prudens;
Infamis leno; Bacchi, Cereriſque miniſter;
Prodiga libertas animæ; pruritus inanis;
Prauorum carcer; corrupti ſanguinis ardor;
Irrationalis motus; ſycophanta bilinguis;
Struma pudicitiæ; fumi expers flamma; patronus
Periuræ linguæ; proſtrato ſæuus; amicus
Immeritis; animi tempeſtas; luxurioſus
Præceptor; ſine fine malum; ſine pace duellum;
Naufragium humanæ vitæ; læthale venenum;
Flebile cordolium; graue calcar; acuta ſagitta;
Sontica pernicies; nodoſæ cauſa podâgræ;
Natus ad inſidias vulpes; pontus lachrymarum;
Virgineæ Zonæ ruptura; doloſa voluptas;
Multicolor ſerpens; vrens affectus; inermis
Bellator; ſenijque caput, ſeniumque iuuentæ;
Ante diem funus; portantis vipera; mæſtus
Pollinctor; ſyren ſallax; mors præuia morti;
Inſector nemorum; erroris Labyrinthus; amara
Dulcedo; inuentor falſi; via perditionis;
Formarum egregius ſpectator; pæna perennis;
Suſpirans ventus; ſingultu plena querela;
Triſte magiſterium; multæ iactura diei;
Martyrium innocui; temerarius aduena; pondus
Siſyphium; radix curarum; defidis eſca;
Febris anhela; ſitis moroſa; hidropicus ardor;
Vis vno dicam verbo? incarnata Gehenna eſt.

XCIX.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

This paſsion is an imitation of the firſt Sonnet in *Seraphine*, & grownded vpon that, which *Ariſtotle* writeth * of the *Ægle*, for the proofe ſhe maketh of her birdes, by ſetting them to behold the Sonne. After whom *Pliny* hath written, as foloweth:

Lib. 9. Hiſt. animal.

Aquila implumes etiamnum pullos ſuos percutiens, Subinde cogit aduerſos intueri Solis radios: et ſi conniuentem humectantemq. animaduertit, præcipitat e nido, velut adulterinum atq. degenerem: illum, cuius acies firma contra ſteterit, educat.

Nat. Hiſt. lib. 30. cap. 1.

THe haughtie Ægle Birde, of Birdes the beſt,
Before the feathers of her younglinges growe,
She liftes them one by one from out theire neſt,
To vewe the Sunne, thereby her owne to knowe;
Thoſe that behold it not with open eye,
She lettes them fall, not able yet to flye.
Such was my caſe, when Loue poſſeſt my mind;
Each thought of mine, which could not bide the light
Of her my Sunne, whoſe beames had made me blinde,
I made my Will ſuppreſſe it with Deſpight:
But ſuch a thought, as could abide her beſt,
I harbred ſtill within my carefull breſt.
But thoſe fond dayes are paſt, and halfe forgotte;
I practiſe now the quite cleane contrary:
What thoughtes can like of her, I like them not,
But choake them ſtreight, for feare of leopardy;
For though that Loue to ſome do ſeeme a Toy,
I knowe by proofe, that Loue is long annoy.

C.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour faineth here, that *Loue*, eſſaying with his brand, to fire the heart of ſome ſuch Lady, on whome it would not worke, immediately, to trie whether the old vertue of it were extinguiſhed or no, applied it vnto his owne breſt, and therby fooliſhlie conſumed him ſelfe. His inuention hath ſome relation vnto the Epitaph of *Loue*, written by *M. Girolimo Paraboſco*;

In cenere giace qui ſepolto Amore,
Colpa di quella, che morir mi face, &c.

RElolu'd to duſt intomb'd heere lieth Loue,
Through faulte of her, who heere her ſelfe ſhould lye;
He ſtrooke her breſt, but all in vaine did proue
To fire the yſe: and doubting by and by
His brand had loſt his force, he gan to trye
Upon him ſelfe; which tryall made him dye.
In ſooth no force; let thoſe lament that luſt,
Ile ſing a carroll long for obſequy;
For, towardes me his dealings were vniuſt,
And cauſe of all my paſſed miſery:
The Fates, I thinke, ſeeing what I had paſt,
In my behalfe wrought this reuenge at laſt.
But ſomewhat more to pacyfie my minde,
By illing him, through whome I liu'd a ſlaue,
Ile caſt his athes to the open winde,
Or write this Epitaph vppon his graue;

Here lyeth Loue, of Mars the baſtard Sonne,
VVhoſe fooliſh fault to death him ſelfe hath donne.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

This is an Epilogue to the whole worke, and more like a praier then a Paſsion : and is faithfully tranſlated out of *Petrarch, Sonnet.* 314. 2. *parte*, where he beginneth,

I vò piangendo i miei paſsati tempi,
I quai poſi in amar coſa mortale,
Senza leuarmi à volo, hauendo io l'ale,
Per dar forſe di me non baſsi eſsempi. &c.

LVgeo iam querulus vitæ tot luſtra peracta,
Qua malè conſumpſi, mortalia vana ſeeutus,
Cùm tamen alatus potui volitaſſe per altum,
Exemplarq. fuiſse alijs, nee inutile forſan.
Tu mea qui peecata vides, culpasq. nefandas,
Cœli ſumme parens, magnum, & venerabile numen,
Collapſæ ſuceurre animæ ; mentiſq. eadueæ
Candida defectum tua gratia ſuppleat omnem.
Vt, qui ſuſtinui bellum, duraſq. proeellas,
In paee, & portu moriar ; minimeq. probanda
Si mea vita fuit, tamen vt elaudatur honeſtè.
Tantillo vitæ ſpaeio, quod fortè ſuperſit,
Funeribuſq. meis præſentem porrige dextram ;
Ipſe vides, in te quàm ſpes mea tota repoſta eſt.

FINIS.

The Labour is light, where Loue is the Paiemiſtres.

Spenser Society.

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Portico Library, Mosley street, Manchester
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Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 6.

THE ἑκατομπαθια OR PASSIONATE CENTURIE OF LOVE

BY

THOMAS WATSON

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF (circa) 1581

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1869

From Heber's Sale Catalogue, Part 4 (1834).

No. 2870. The '*ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ* or Paſſionate Centurie of Loue, Diuided into two parts: whereof, the firſt expreſſeth the Authors ſufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. Compoſed by Thomas Watſon Gentleman; and publiſhed at the requeſt of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes. London Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe for Gabriell Cawood, dwellinge in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost.

"Unqueſtionably one of the rareſt books in the whole range of Engliſh poetry. Steevens and others have termed theſe poems 'Sonnets'; but the only 'Sonnet' by Watſon, properly ſo called, is the 'Quatorzain,' which introduces the main body of the volume, and which is ſtrictly upon the Italian model. Watſon was too well acquainted with the true form of the Sonnet, (which was introduced into Engliſh by Lord Surrey) to call theſe productions by that deſignation: each conſiſts not of fourteen but of eighteen lines. It is to be doubted if there be another perfect copy in exiſtence, and Mr. Heber lent the preſent for the fabrication of the article upon the *Hekatompathia* in the *Britiſh Bibliographer*, vol. iv. It was entered in the books of the Stationers Company in 1581, and it was printed either in that year, or very early in the next. Watſon was dead when Naſh publiſhed his 'Have with you to Saffron Walden,' for he there ſays—'A man he was I dearly loved and honoured, and for all things hath left few of his equals in England.'"

NOTICE.

The firſt portion of the Reprint of the later Works of JOHN TAYLOR the WATER POET not included in the Folio Volume is in the Preſs, and will form Iſſue No. 7 of the Spenſer Society's Publications. It will include the following rare Tracts by this Author:

TAYLOR on *Thame Iſis*: or the Deſcription of the two famous Riuers of *Thame* and *Iſis*, who being conioyned or combined together, are called *Thamiſis* or *Thames*. London, Printed by *John Haviland*. 1632.

The Old, Old, very Old Man: or The Age and long Life of *Thomas Par*, the Sonne of *John Parr* of *Winnington* in the Pariſh of *Alberbury*; in the County of *Salopp*, (or *Shropſhire*) who was Borne in the Raigne of King *Edward* the 4th, and is now living in the *Strand*, being aged 152 yeares and odd Monethes. London, Printed for *Henry Goſſon*. 1635.

Part of this Summers Travels, or News from *Hell*, *Hull*, and *Hallifax*, from *York*, *Linne*, *Leiceſter*, *Cheſter*, *Coventry*, *Lichfield*, *Nottingham*, and the *Divells Ars a Peake*. Imprinted by *J. O.* [1639.]

The Praiſe of the Needle. Printed for James Baler. 1640.

Differing Worſhips, or, The Oddes, between ſome Knights Seruice and God's. Printed for William Ley. 1640.

A ſwarme of ſectaries, and Schiſmatiques: wherein is diſcovered the ſtrange preaching (or prating) of ſuch as are by their trades Coblers, Tinkers, Pedlers, Weavers, Sowgelders, and Chymney-Sweepers. Printed luckily, and may be read unhappily &c. 1641.

Religions Enemies. With a brief and ingenious Relation, as by *Anabaptiſts*, *Browniſts*, *Papiſts*, *Familiſts*, *Atheiſts*, and *Fooliſts*, ſawcily preſuming to toſſe Religion in a Blanquet. Printed at *London* for *Thomas Bates*. 1641.

A Pedlar and a Romiſh Prieſt, in a very hot Diſcourſe, full of Mirth, Truth, Wit, Folly, and Plain-dealing. Printed in the year 1641.

A plea for Prerogative: or, Give *Cæſar* his due. Being the Wheele of Fortune turn'd round: *Or*, The World turned topſie-turvie. London, printed for T. Bankes. 1642.

Mad Faſhions, Od Faſhions, All out of Faſhions, or, The Emblems of theſe Diſtracted times. London, printed by *John Hammond*, for *Thomas Banks*, 1642.

The Complaint of Chriſtmas, written after Twelfetide, and Printed before Candlemas. Printed at the charges of the Author. [1642.]

The whole Life and Progreſſe of *Henry Walker* the Ironmonger. Printed at *London* 1642.

A Cluſter of Coxcombes; or a Cinquepace of five ſorts of Knaves and Fooles: Namely, The *Donatiſts*, *Publicans*, *Diſciplinarians*, *Anabaptiſts*, and *Browniſts*; their Originals, Opinions, Confutations, and (in a word) their Heads Roundly jolted together. *July* 13. *Printed for Richard Webb*, 1642.

A full and compleet Anſwer againſt the Writer of a late Volume ſet forth, entituled *A Tale in a Tub*, or *A Tub Lecture*: with a Vindication of that ridiculous name called Round-Heads. London, printed for *F. Cowles*, *T. Bates*, and *T. Banks*. 1642.

The Kings moſt excellent Majeſties Wellcome to his owne Houſe, truly called the Honour of *Hampton* COURT. Printed in the yeare 1647.

A Short Relation of a Long Journey made round or ovall by encompaſſing the Principalitie of *Wales*, from *London*, through and by the Counties of *Middleſex* and *Buckingham*, *Berks*, *Oxonia*, *Warwick*, *Stafford*, *Cheſter*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Angleſey*, *Carnarvan*; *Merioneth*, *Cardigan*, *Pembroke*, *Caermarden*, *Glamorgan*, *Monmouth*, *Gloceſter*, *&c.* Performed by the Riding, Going, Crawling, Running, and Writing of *John Taylor*, dwelling at the sign of the *Poets-Head*, in *Phenix Alley*, near the midle of *Long Aker* or *Covent Garden*. [1653.]

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